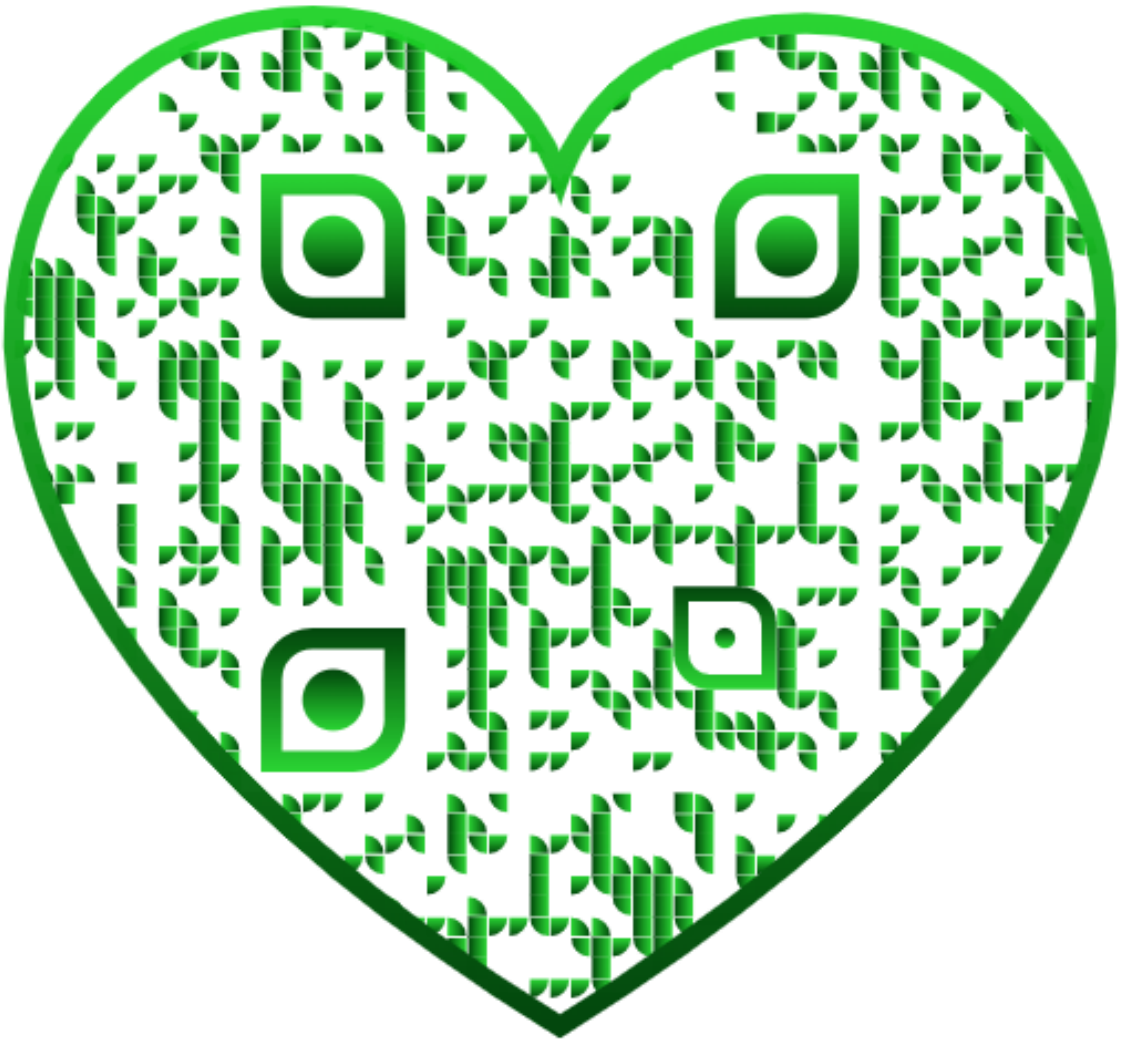
Talk to the ENTITIES

Second Edition

Are Ghosts Real ?

Shannon O' Hara



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Foreword

It has been four-and-a-half years since this book first stepped into the world and started creating a voice for itself. In all the time I was creating it, I never really got what a huge impact it would have in the world and all the peoples lives it would touch, including my own. I knew I needed to tell my story in hopes that it would show others that there was a totally different possibility in the world and they might not be as fucked up as they thought they were. I did not know at the time how this book would accomplish that, but it has certainly shown me by now.

I have received so much gratitude from people saying that they finally get what they have been perceiving all their lives and making themselves crazy about; finally having peace, clarity and ease with the fact that they are aware of the spirit world. Others have told me that just by reading the book their perceptions of entities has been greatly enhanced; as though the book itself was a doorway they stepped through into their own abilities.

Talk To The Entities has grown up a lot over the last four-and-a-half years and continues to expand, touching and changing more and more people's (embodied and dis-embodied) lives. We now have worldwide TTTE Facilitators who are out there showing people the amazingly easy and effective tools and processes of TTTE and Access Consciousness. Showing people how to get over fear and confusion around entities, access their deep awareness and touch worlds of possibility that only 50 years ago would have been considered impossible or only a fairy tale.

I know myself and many of the TTTE Facilitators are working towards a future where fear of entities is in the long distant past. Where the superstitions, hysteria and impotency regarding the spirit world is the exception and not the norm. I personally would love to see a future where spirit consciousness was known and dealt with and the tools of Access Consciousness and TTTE were used in all sorts of educational platforms to

empower people. Also, to see it being used within psychiatric institutions to educate rather then medicate.

I would love to see a future were the spirit world came out of the shadows and was exposed to the light so that all could see and know the peace and ease that could be there. No longer fearing death as the end. No longer deeply judging those that hear the voices of the spirit world and no longer hiding the keys to awareness that would and will set so many free.

If this is your first time reading this book I hope you enjoy it and perhaps a few light bulbs will go off and you may find a few keys to unlocking your own world. And if you are reading this book again, perhaps you will use those keys to go deeper in to what you know? How does it get better and what more is possible with the tools of consciousness firmly in your hands?

Part One

In the beginning…

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.

Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

It is our light not our darkness that frightens us."

~ Marianne Williamson ~

Children Hold the Keys

You know those babies who are always staring at what looks like nothing and pointing at what looks like nothing? I was one of those.

My mom used to say that when I was a little thing, I would lie in my crib on my back giggling and cooing in my baby language and reach out with my hands toward something she couldn't see. I would stare at the space around people's heads so intently that it made them wonder if there was something next to them or behind them. They would look to see, and to them there was nothing there. There was to me, I was looking at the entities and energy fields around them.

Where is the fine line we cross as children? When do we give up seeing in favor of not knowing and not seeing?

There were grids and lines in the air that undulated and simmered with energy, everything pulsated with electricity and color. It wasn't until I was ten or eleven that I realized other people were not seeing and experiencing what I was seeing, at least not that they were saying.

As a child I did not know what telepathy was, but I sure heard people thinking a lot. It's strange when you can hear five different conversations coming out of someone's head. One of the conversations is coming out of their mouth and the other four are coming from somewhere else. It's quite interesting to see how many different points of view a person can have at any given moment. It was like perceiving all of their lives, past, present and future, at once. I could see them standing in front of me in the present and I could also see them in what I grew to realize was another life or dimension. Someone could stand in front of me and I could watch them morph into all sorts of things.

They would always maintain the appearance of who they were here and now, but it was like seeing stuff superimposed over them and around them. One moment they would be standing there and the next someone else would be there and then the next moment they would be back. I kid you not, I thought this was what everybody saw.

I didn't really get why, when I would try to talk about this with people, they would look at me like I was a crazy person or a leper. But eventually I figured out it wasn't safe to talk about it with most people. So I just stopped talking about it and eventually I stopped seeing and perceiving it, because if others thought it was crazy, there must be something wrong with me right?

I could see the "bad" that some people had done, whether or not they were doing bad things this lifetime. I could see what they had done or what they would do, whether they were aware of it or not. I could also see if someone was light and kind, and I could see both light and dark, heavy and light, playing out in someone.

Eventually I realized, thanks to my stepdad, that I was seeing them in all their different incarnations. He was full of all sorts of handy tools for making sense of not very sensible things.

I was constantly answering questions that people had asked in their heads. I would kick my brother's butt when we played psychic exercise games with our dad during long car trips. That's right, instead of playing I Spy, my step dad would think of a color or a place or a shape and we would practice receiving the information psychically and relaying it. I thought all children were raised learning to pull pictures and information out of peoples' heads. I was never told it was impossible or wrong. In fact, I was encouraged to develop it.

Rough stuff would come later when I was a teen trying to fit in, but as a kid I was all ease and magic. I didn't even think of it as magic—it was just the amazing world I lived in. Kids are so lucky!

My mom would think how much she loved me and I would reply out loud, "I love you too, Mommy." She always got a big giggle out of this.

Reading Auras Before Reading Books

When you are a child, you never think you are weird or out of the ordinary. It is not until you are older that you start being concerned about how you appear to the rest of the world. Children are capable of so many amazing things that adults have long forgotten or buried away, never to be seen again.

One day when I was six, I found an interesting book in my parents' library. It had pretty pictures of bodies with colors around them. I was fascinated. My mom told me the title of the book, which I couldn't yet read, was *Hands of Light: A Guide to Healing Through the Human Energy Field.* Auras are a field of subtle, luminous energies surrounding a person or thing. You will see this oftentimes depicted in religious art with the halo surrounding a saint's or an angel's head. I grabbed the book eagerly and jumped onto my parents' bed to study it. I pointed to a picture of a woman surrounded with a bright magenta light and told my mother this looked just like her. My mother told me that the caption under the picture said, "Woman who has just learned of the death of a loved one." My mother's father had passed away only days before.

I pointed to another picture, this one of a man surrounded by a yellow mucous color. I told my mother this one looked like my brother Adam. This caption read, "Someone who has just snorted cocaine." Adam at that time was in and out of drug rehabilitation.

It was then that my mom and my stepfather, Gary realized that I was seeing auras. Their friends would have me tell them the color of their aura and draw them pictures. I found this endlessly amusing. Mind you, I was all of six years old.

I could tell when my mom would come home angry or when Gary was worrying about money, because of the colors around their heads and hands.

The colors around people change as their mood changes.

I had no classifications or meanings of my own to define what the colors I was seeing meant about the person. I just knew how they felt by feeling their feelings as I watched the colors and energy around them change and move as they thought and felt different things.

Sometimes it was hard for me to fall asleep due to the huge amount of paranormal activity I was aware of. My mom would have me tell her about her aura as we cuddled together. Since I could see her aura better in a darkened room, it made being in the dark more bearable. Being with my mom like this would help me to relax, and I would comfortably drift off to sleep. (I slept in my parent's bed or on the floor in their room when I could get away with it until I was fourteen. Weren't they lucky?)

Growing up Weird

Did you know that the original definition of the word *weird* is “of spirit, fate or destiny, partaking in the super natural?” So when you say that something is weird you are saying it is a “of spirit, fate or destiny.” Isn’t that weird?

I was born in Los Angeles, California on a blazing hot day in early October 1979. It was so hot that summer, that during my mother’s pregnancy, every joint in her body swelled to twice its normal size. Ah, the miracle of childbirth! I was born without drugs of any kind, due to my mother’s strong will. I find this amazing and consider myself quite lucky.

My mother was the eldest of four children, raised in the tradition of Irish American immigrants, her upbringing in northeastern Pennsylvania steeped in heavy religion and alcohol. An Aries, she had a fiery temper and a strong spirit. She had my older brother, Adam, when she was twenty, unmarried and unsupported. Searching for something better, she was told that anything was possible out west if you had the determination to make it happen. So in the early 70’s she set forth with her firstborn—my eldest brother. She made the journey to southern California with only a few dollars in her pocket and a baby boy on her hip. She found her Mecca, as she would later call it, in Los Angeles’ warm weather and its more progressive, liberal environment. Slowly, my mom got her foot in the doorway of the movie industry and she worked her way up as an agent for the glitzy and glamorous of the celebrity star machine.

Around this time she met my birth father. My father was a modern day wandering Jew. He was raised by Jewish Lithuanian-Polish immigrants in the lovely ghettos of London, England. Greatly disliking London as a young man, he fled to the Israeli army at the age of 18, escaping London’s miserable weather and the life of a teenage factory worker. Being a bit of a mystic and something of a recluse, the expansive openness of the Sinai

Desert after the poverty, overcrowded living and grief of London's was a welcome change.

And as chance would have it, after a hiatus back to London, he found his way onto a plane bound for New York City using a twenty-dollar ticket claimed from a bulletin board in a pub. He made his way to Los Angeles in 1977 after checking out the New York art scene and everything in between. Soon thereafter, he met my mother. They had me in 1979 and never married. They were just another young southern California couple making up life as they went along. They tried to make their relationship work, but alas, it was not meant to be. A few years after I was born, they separated on good terms and to this day have remained friends.

Stepdad

When I was four, my mother met Gary, a dashingly handsome man who became my stepfather. He raised me alongside my mother, and in doing so, gave me something greater than all the gold in the world: *Consciousness.*

Gary moved from San Diego California to the quiet beach town of Santa Barbara for a job opportunity in 1968. Santa Barbara has a unique almost unmatchable beauty with epic mountains cascading into the Pacific Ocean. You can swim in a mountain creek and in a matter of twenty minutes be swimming in the ocean where that very creek runs out. Gary was a kind of Renaissance man, specializing in almost anything you can imagine. For my mother and me, he was a shining knight.

When I was five, my mother, my brother Adam, and I moved our little family up from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, to live with Gary and my new stepbrother, Sky.

Gary and my mom were into “weird” stuff. Sky and I were privy to a widely diverse showcase of all sorts of different things. For those of you who do not know what channeling is, it is where a person leaves their body and another spirit enters it and speaks. Our parents were really into channels. And it would not be out of the ordinary to come home from school on a Thursday afternoon and find ten to twenty grownups laying around on the living room floor dressed in white while some mystic or witch doctor was singing something and waving his hands around. My mom would recommend that I consult the Tarot if I was having a problem with a boy or at school. I’m not sure if I was naïve, but I thought that’s how it was in all households.

My mom and stepdad were not hippies or fruitcakes. They held down normal jobs and kept all of us kids in the most stylish fashion of our choosing, providing us with piano, dancing, football and whatever lessons we wanted. They just had a different way of seeing the world.

I would complain about something or someone and my mom would go on and on about how it must have been a trouble from a past life.

Sky and I never stopped twice to think that the stuff our parents were into was at all out of the ordinary until we got older. While most of our friends were being taken to church on Sunday morning, Sky and I were running around on the lawn while our parents sat inside listening to a dead guy talk through some blonde lady. I used to have to beg my mom to let me go to church with my little Mormon friend. I used to love eating the cookies they put out after the service.

When we were with our parents on Sunday mornings, we were allowed to be in the room while the presentations were going on or allowed to run free outside. What I remember mostly was how peaceful it was in the room while my parents joined in on the events, like the air in the room was full of something tangible but not visual. It was like hearing the trees in a forest all singing—not the leaves of the trees blowing in the wind, but the frequencies of the trees themselves. It was very there and yet very undetectable all at the same time. Everyone at these meetings glowed with a soft light, especially whomever was up front doing the talking; they really radiated.

Gary and the Ghosts

Gary began to channel when I was seven. Having been to many channels him self and being an adventurous sort of guy, he just sort of said to himself, “I’d like to do that,” and before long, he was. He began by channeling three different beings. There was Brother George, a big fat jolly friar; a Chinese man named Dr. Lee; and Rasputin, the mad monk of Moscow.

Rasputin was the only being Gary channeled who was a noted figure from history. Rasputin lived around the turn of the 20th century in Russia and was considered a healer, a mystic, and a prophet. He found his fame in being the only person who was able to heal the young son of the Tsar and Tsarina, Alexi, who suffered from hemophilia. Before being healed by Rasputin, Alexi suffered greatly and almost died on several occasions. Quite the character, Rasputin was viewed with suspicion and judgment as he showed up with his unkempt appearance and peasant manners. However, no one could deny his abilities when the young boy would rise from his sick bed time and time again, as if by magic.

When Rasputin, who we affectionately called Raz, would come into Gary’s body, he would speak either in Russian or in English with a heavy Russian accent. Gary himself did not know a single word of Russian aside from *rubles* and *Stolichnaya.* These sorts of anomalous phenomena make channeling not only really fun and exciting but also a launching pad for exploring so much that is unknown about the mysteries of the universe and what people are capable of.

When Gary channeled, his body would change to take on the physical characteristics of these different entities. When Brother George came in, Gary’s body would appear to swell to four times its actual size, and when he would channel Dr. Lee, his eyes would slant and he would become slim and small like an older Asian man. I kid you not, his physical appearance would change.

I was thoroughly amused by these evening sessions when I was allowed to stay up past my bedtime. I loved Dr. Lee. He always made the room sparkle and he would make me giggle and feel like I was being tickled all over. Brother George was boisterous and loud, and if I was in bed sleeping when he came to the house, I would be awakened by his jolly chuckles. Raz was like a father figure to me, and I would always feel totally loved when he was around. I took him on as my personal saint in the years that followed. Whenever I was upset or scared, I would energetically ask him to look over me or help me. It may seem strange for a young girl to ask for assistance from a long-dead Russian man who had been a notorious womanizer and alcoholic, but I did not see him as that. I knew him as a different energy altogether.

Rasputin was the most powerful of all the spirits that Gary channeled, and he was the one to stay on after all the others had gone. Rasputin was an amazing healer in his lifetime and, as a spirit, he came through in our lifetime to assist many of us with finding a much greater sense of peace and awareness.

Hide-and-Seek

My new stepbrother Sky and I were both born in 1979. As kids, we were the same height and weight, and pretty much looked completely alike. We could not have looked more alike if we had been related by blood. We became battling best friends. When we weren't busy beating the living crap out of one another, we were in the garage or backyard, creating business plans to make thousands of dollars collecting cans for recycling or selling flowers from our neighbors' rose bushes.

One gloriously sunny day, Gary took Sky and me with him to Summerland, a neighboring town where he was doing some business. As we headed south along the coast, the sun glinted off the ocean, the large old-fashioned houses and the restaurants and antique shops that nestled against the hills. Gary pulled his car up in front of a large white wooden frame house, which was an antique shop.

Sky and I shared not only the year of our birth, but also our strong preference for being outside and running around over waiting inside while adults did their business. I am sure Gary also preferred us to be outside so he could conduct his business without interruption from a couple of wild Indians.

The beauty of the antiques inside was lost on us. The exterior of the house, however, was surrounded by large shady trees, shrubbery, and assorted antiques that were displayed in the garden.

Sky and I started to play hide-and-seek. Now, as fun as I'm sure this was for Sky, it was really an unfair game. I had allies who were completely visible and real to me but invisible to unsuspecting Sky. When it was Sky's turn to hide, all I had to do to find him was look up at the second-story window of the antique shop, where a man wearing an African mask appeared. I couldn't actually see the man's body, but the mask was there, speaking to me. I related to this being wearing the mask as one would relate

to a tree. You know the tree is there but you do not engage in conversation with it as you would with another person. You always know where the tree is, but most people are not aware that the tree is saying anything. I, on the other hand, would hear the voice of the tree, not in words, but in energy. The being standing in the second story window did not address me directly but would put its voice into my awareness. It was like I was getting an idea or a feeling.

I seemed to know immediately that the man in the mask was playing with us, unbeknown to Sky, of course. My ghostly friend would point to the direction where Sky had gone to hide. I did not even have to be within eyesight of the man in the window to get the information I needed. Once I got out of sight of the window, all I had to do was ask the man where Sky was hiding and he would tell me. I would hear a voice in my head saying, “Behind the bush” or “Inside the shed.” I always found Sky within moments. It always took him much longer to find me. Somehow I suspect Sky never had a clue what he was up against in playing this game with me.

The Wingless Airplane

This is not a story about entities, but it is a story about seeing outside of this reality. When you open the doorway to entities you also open the doorway to perceiving all sorts of out-of-the ordinary stuff. Extraterrestrials and their flying ships can be one of them. I believe in all sorts of life outside of the normal status quo.

School and I didn't exactly get along so swell. My poor teachers had a heck of a time getting me to stop talking, running all over the place and flirting with boys during class time.

I have and had what could be considered by the doctors to be severe ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder). Ritalin was not as popularly prescribed to children in those days, but my elementary school did try to get my parents to put me on it. My parents refused; after all, I wasn't attention deficit, I just had access to a LOT of energy. It would have suited me better to run up and down mountains all day long rather than sit indoors at a desk.

One teacher I had in fifth grade actually went so far as to make me sit at a little table of my own because I talked so much and distracted the other students. The other kids sat in little islands of six and I sat in a little island of one. This tactic didn't work though; I just talked louder to get my voice across to the other tables. Poor teacher.

One day, back in third grade, I was enjoying my favorite subject (aside from recess), good ol' PE (physical education). We were outside on the playground, which was a large asphalt area in front of the classroom buildings. We were playing kickball and my position was third base, which I loved, because I could shuck and jive with my friends and be as loud and active as I wanted.

While dancing and prancing around on third base, I looked around and found myself staring at the biggest airplane I had ever seen. It was easily as large as the entire playground from end to end, probably about a quarter of

a mile. The entire thing was silver, it had no wings and no windows, and it was flying very close to the ground. It looked like a giant cigar.

I was totally transfixed by it. As I watched, it seemed to absorb the sounds of everything around me. Although I could still see my classmates, I could no longer hear them. The energy this thing was emitting was palpable and thick. I also noticed that no one else seemed to notice this large visitor over our playground.

I started pointing and jumping and yelling for everyone else to look. But no one seemed to hear me or see my excitement. I yelled so loud I almost gave myself a heart attack, but still no one heard me. No one else was aware of this flying cigar, and soon thereafter it disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. Looking back on this, I now realize that I was seeing a UFO. This wasn't the first time I saw a UFO, nor would it be the last.

I have no idea what it was doing there or why I was the only one who seemed to notice it. Obviously it was checking us out, but I wish I could have had greater consciousness with it, so I could have communicated with them in a way that I could remember.

It seems that these kinds of events occur more to children than to adults. I'm not certain why this is the case, but ultimately it seems as though we only see what we allow ourselves to see. So then, how is it determined what we allow ourselves to see?

Years later when I was thirteen, I read a book about the advanced consciousness and the intelligence of extra-terrestrials. For months, I left the French doors of my bedroom open, hoping they would come and take me away from all the sadness and pain in this world. Alas, they never came —at least not that I'm aware of.

Jolly Old England

When I was eight years old, my birth father thought it would be a good idea to take me to London to meet his mother and sisters. At least I think that is what happened. It was either that, or my mother made him. I had not met my birth father's family till this point.

He had not been back to England since he left in the mid 70's. He had little to no affinity for the place of his birth. He spoke openly about his dislike for the weather in England, and he seemed appalled by the culture he had come from. So almost twenty years after leaving, he returned with a young daughter.

We stayed with my new grandmother in Hendon, North London. She lived in council flats, rows and rows of identical looking, four and five story brick buildings. It would not be too far off to say these buildings were depressing, weathered, beaten by the climate England is so famous for and inhabited by a bunch of wildly unhappy people.

I spent my days making up dance routines in the narrow hallway of my grandmother's flat, sprinting up and down the steep staircase, seeing how many steps I could jump down at one time, and playing down in the cement playground that looked more like a place where everyone abandoned their joy and hope and left it to die. I didn't care; I was eight and seriously ADD, I could have found a constructive, fun way to play with barbed wire.

In my grandmother's neighborhood, there was also an old Norman church with a graveyard that dated back to the eleventh century. Coming from California, I had never seen anything so old. I was unsettled by it. It was beautiful, but I did not like it one bit. It had invisible forces moving throughout it; I could see them and feel them, but I didn't know what they wanted or how to be with them. There were entities crawling all over the place, and I do mean all over the place. This was my first visit to a place

this old. There are more entities in Old World countries versus the New World, for obvious reasons.

When my father and I would walk by the churchyard on our way to the shops, I would always watch guardedly out of the corner of my eye. I knew that if I passed by without keeping an alert eye, the spirits would taunt me and reach out to touch me with their whisper fingers. It's kind of like knowing there's something there, and at the same time not knowing, but still knowing enough to feel it. Does that make sense?

The graveyard was crowded with gravestones standing every which way. To me, it looked as if some giant had been playing pick-up-sticks and tossed them down randomly. Green and gold lichen grew on the gravestones, and the writing on them was so worn it had become illegible.

My father liked to stroll through the graveyard every so often because it was, after all, very beautiful. It was an oasis of sorts amongst the grey buildings and cold damp streets of the London suburb. I couldn't hold it against him for liking it; the trees were old and beautiful and very green. As he strolled through the yard, I would stand with my back to a tree, bug-eyed, just waiting for the moment when we could leave. If I didn't keep my back to a tree, I would feel as if there were people standing behind me. Yet, every time I would turn to look, there was no one there. The invisible people would tap me on the shoulder and whisper into my ears, creating a constant source of indefinable paranoia.

It was not long before I would refuse to go near the church or its graveyard at all. We even came up with alternate routes to the shops because I so wildly protested going anywhere near the church property.

My poor father could have saved us both so many headaches if he had known how to talk with me about ghosts. We both would have been spared so much weirdness if he had known how to speak to me and acknowledge the reality of my perceptions.

But, as I found out later, when my father was young, he was like me. As a child, he also saw disembodied beings, but he was not taught how to use his gift or how to talk or deal with ghosts. He grew tough and hardened due to other people's unwillingness to acknowledge what he was aware of. People

did not believe him when he spoke of what he saw, and thus he came to doubt himself. So, by the time I came along, the door to perceiving this sort of thing was locked shut for him and the were keys hidden in a place even he had forgotten.

The Spirits Make Me Sick

My first trip to London introduced me to many new things. I met all of my father's Jewish family, ate chopped liver (for the first and last time) and celebrated my first Jewish holiday. After the dinner ceremony, my cousins and I were set free to prowl and roam around the neighborhood streets. I thought this was awesome.

My father was raised in a traditional Jewish family but had left his religion behind when he travelled to the shores of America. I did not even know that my father spoke and read Hebrew until this first trip to London.

Bless my father's heart, in addition to giving me the experience of meeting my English family, he took me sightseeing around some of the historic sites of London. We first went to the Tower of London. I had no idea what would be in store for me as we left my grandmother's flat and ventured into the city, but really, my memories of the Tower are not all that fond. As a kid I didn't have much historical interest or curiosity. Going there was just another day out with my dad. I just stuck with him through all the hustle and bustle.

For those of you who don't know, the Tower of London was a prison where horrific torture and executions of various members of the Royal family took place. Being sent to the Tower meant you were a person of great stature, but it also meant you were screwed. It wouldn't have been my choice for a sunny afternoon in London, but there we were.

Outside in the courtyards and walkways, there were so many tourists that it was difficult to notice much of anything out of the ordinary, but stepping into the buildings of the Tower, the walls tell many stories.

My father recently told me that when he was a young boy, a friend of his was the son of the Keeper of the Ravens in the tower. The raven is a symbol of the English monarchy. If a raven died or flew away, that meant the monarchy was falling. So, you can imagine that keeping these birds alive

was a job of the utmost importance. My father would go visit his little friend who actually lived inside the Tower. This was before the Tower became a tourist spot. My father would be let in through the fortressed gates and he would have to walk, unaccompanied, to where his friend and his friend's father lived. He had to cross over the bridge where prisoners in cages were submerged to drown in the 1800's. My father told me that he would run full tilt across this bridge because it was so frightening for him.

As a boy, he saw many spirits at that Tower, but he neglected to remember this information when it would have come in most handy, dealing with me on my first visit (this lifetime) to the Tower.

We went in and out of several of the large stone towers until we came to one that was really hard for me. We came upon a long dark hallway lined with suits of armor. Before we even got to this hallway, I was already feeling the spirits there. As we approached the hallway, I was becoming more and more nervous and feeling sick to my stomach. If I had been able to, I would have asked to leave immediately, but there was no way I could. My mouth was frozen mute, and I was being energetically pulled along. My eyes staring wide down the hall, I was dragged into a dark place where there was no sense of hope for survival. Looking back, I now realize that I was aware of the thoughts and feelings of the spirits that had been condemned to die there. Although the bodies of these condemned people had long ago passed, their spirits still resided in the halls and chambers. This place was filled with ghosts, looming either in a state of mourning or in an unshakable fear of the death they had gone through hundreds of years earlier.

If this is shocking or difficult to wrap your mind around, imagine what it was like for eight-year-old me, quaking in my little boots.

When we entered the hallway, I remember thinking, "This is a very bad idea."

Before I could even warn my father that I was in danger of wetting my pants, the deed was done. My body was out of control. It was all I could do to stay on my feet. The vomiting started as my father yanked me further down the hall. He was trying to get to a place where he could clean me up,

but I just kept making a bigger mess. Before we could exit the other end of the Tower, I had left the contents of my stomach splattered along the stone floor and artfully sprinkled upon the feet of a few lucky suits of armor.

Shocked and slightly mortified, my father whisked me up, flying out of the building as fast as he could. I was in agony, and moaning, “I don’t want to be here.”

Being carried through the yard toward the exit gate, I remember looking over my dad’s shoulder at the ravens pecking away on the lawn. Gazing at this in my delirium, I was wondering how people could live with such grief. This place was full of it, and I felt it was crushing me. How could everyone be having what seemed to be such a nice time? Couldn’t they see the murder and sadness? Why wasn’t anyone doing anything about it?

These sorts of visceral reactions were all too common for me. I was able to assuage the sickness as I got older, but it would manifest instead as psychological strife and misbehavior. The sheer violence and gruesome nature of the deaths in the Tower of London engendered a state of sickness in me. I was not sick; I perceived the sickness that had been carried out there.

For some reason, undaunted by our trip to the Tower, a few days later my father took me to Westminster Abbey. Here there are more than 3,000 people buried. Amongst them are most of England’s Kings and Queens that have ruled since the eleventh century as well as many of the country’s great politicians, poets and most honored and respected minds.

It’s difficult to describe the enormity of Westminster Abbey. To put it simply, it is huge! It is so tall that the people wandering around inside look like ants; it is so massive that it makes the red double-decker London buses look like they came out of a matchbox.

As we climbed the steps leading up to the Abbey, I felt an overwhelming sense of dread and nausea. “Yikes,” I thought, “not this again.” An outdoor graveyard with 3,000 people buried in it would certainly be intense, but having all these graves contained within a large solid structure seemed to make it harder for the energy to dissipate—let alone the amount of significance placed on the people who lay in crypts there. If you weighed

all the stone the Abbey was made of and added a trillion kilos to it, that is how it felt to me.

The feeling of dread and nausea worsened as I got closer to the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots. I was turning white and green simultaneously and I pulled on my dad's sleeve to let him know I wasn't feeling well. A minute later, I was vomiting on the floor of the cathedral. Here we go again! I couldn't go a step further.

In Westminster, I speculate my reaction had to do with the violent and horrific ways many of the people buried there had died. Mary Queen of Scots was executed after all; can you imagine how she would have felt? Well I can, and it's enough to make you want to spew.

I left England none-the-worse for wear and only a few pounds lighter.

The Haunted Trunk

Time marched on and I carried on with my life, growing up like all kids do. One day Gary brought home an old wooden trunk and put it in the living room. Gary was dealing in antiques at this time and he would bring home different pieces that were not selling in his shop, either to fix them or to make room for other stuff. It was around this time that my parents truly began to realize what was going on with the ghosts and me.

It was not unusual for him to bring peculiar things home. As an antique dealer, his taste for the wildly eclectic was a source of amusement and ridicule for my brothers and me in later years. We referred to our house as "Dad's museum." Gary would smile slyly and remind us that these bizarre, gaudy objects constituted our inheritance, and it was all we were getting.

Up until this point, I didn't say much about what I was seeing because it didn't mean anything to me. I didn't think of it as anything to mention, kind of like how you don't go around telling everyone the sky is blue. It's just blue and everyone knows it, and that's what I thought about the entities; they are there and everyone knows it.

But it was around this time that I started speaking up because I was having a harder and harder time overlapping the spirit world and the "real" world.

The ghosts were there and instead of me just tra-la-la-ing around with them, I started to not want them to be there. Without realizing it, I was beginning to pick up other people's prejudices and dislike of ghosts. And so with that, they began to be scary.

The instant I saw the trunk, I disliked it. It wasn't that I was afraid of it; I just didn't want to be in the same room with it. I felt very hesitant about it. As I came near it, I would look at it sideways, the way a cat would slow down to check out something that might be threatening.

My bedroom was on one side of the living room and my parents' bedroom and the kitchen were on the other side. So, whenever I wanted to go from one side of the house to the other, I had to pass the trunk. Calmly walking by wasn't an option; I always bolted past it at a dead run.

I never realized why the trunk bothered me so much until Gary asked me why I kept on complaining about it. Then I blurted out, "There's a crazy woman sitting on top of it."

I hadn't wholly admitted this to myself until I said it out loud.

The woman sitting on top of the trunk was not so much crazy as she was weepy and hysterical. She kept on asking where her wedding dress was.

When Gary asked me matter-of-factly who she was, I didn't know how to respond to his question.

He suggested that I just ask the woman who she was. So I did. Her answer came to me as if I had a radio receiver inside my head. Her name was Jenny.

At that, Gary went to the phone and rang up the lady he had bought the trunk from to see if he could get any information about it.

The woman said the trunk had belonged to her aunt, whose name was Jessie; Jessie had kept her wedding dress in it. This was astonishing! It wasn't *exactly* the name I had heard, but it was so close.

Gary asked if she still had the wedding dress or where it was, omitting to tell the woman on the other end of the phone how and why he knew there used to be a wedding dress inside the trunk. She hardly seemed to notice he had information about the trunk that she had not given him. She said that she thought Jessie's daughter had the dress.

After he got off the phone, Gary told me to me tell Jessie that her daughter had the wedding dress, and I agreed. Before I could fully formulate the thought to tell Jessie, she was gone. She had received the communication before I could deliver it let alone with my mouth but with my mind. This was the first time I realized how quick communicating with entities could be. Instead of having to have a conversation about it all, Jessie had received

the whole picture as quickly as I could process it. She had heard my thought before I even realized I had a thought. Thinking is such a slow process; knowing and receiving are quicker than lightening.

With Gary's help, I set my first entity free just by listening and providing the simple answer to her question.

I don't know why Jessie didn't know where her wedding dress was and why Gary and I had to do all the work to find it. You would think that an entity would be all-knowing or able to access more information than us on this side, but this is simply not the case—and this was my first experience of that reality. Just because someone is disembodied does not mean they are more capable or more seeing than we are on this side. Entities can be lost and confused just like people.

Thank goodness for Gary and this opportunity, because otherwise I could have easily turned into the crazy kid who got hysterical about furniture. Luck would have it that Jessie and I crossed paths and helped each other out. I helped her realize she didn't have to sit on top of a trunk for all of eternity wondering where her wedding dress had gone, and she helped me get clear that I was indeed really seeing and hearing entities, although I wouldn't fully admit this for many years to come.

Shortly after this clearing (Jessie leaving) Gary was able to sell the trunk for a good price after not being able to sell it for the whole time he had it—over a year and a half. Who would want to buy anything, no matter how beautiful, with a crazy entity sitting on it? People couldn't see Jessie but they could feel something and it repelled them away from the trunk, even if they couldn't put their finger on what it was.

Drugs and Alcohol

My older brother, Adam, was eleven when I was born. A year later at age twelve, he was already using hard drugs. Adam basically ran away around age twelve to raise himself on the streets of L.A.

I did not grow up with Adam in the house. My relationship with him consisted of seeing him every now and then. He was more like a distant cousin than a brother. When he was around, it was short lived and bittersweet. I loved him desperately, but he could find no peace no matter what anyone tried to do for him. For the entirety of his teens, Adam was in and out of drug rehabilitation, juvenile detention and eventually jail.

Why did Adam choose this? Besides his choice, I think he was tormented by spirits and demons that never left him alone and perpetuated his drug use. The more drugs he used, the more spirits he let in.

Many highly aware people use drugs and alcohol to block out what they perceive, as if the drugs will eliminate the voices they hear in their heads or the psychic information they receive from people. They try to find ways of not having the perceptions they are having.

I also used drugs when I was a teen, a lot out of curiosity and also to block out my perceptions of entities. Of course, it didn't work; it only made things worse. You can't turn off a talent or ability or make it go away; you can only become unconscious of it. Shutting it away and suppressing it only creates the illusion that it is not there. This may seem to work, but eventually it will burst out of wherever one hides it, manifesting in all sorts of strange ways. For me, hiding it away resulted in lots of heavy emotions and anger.

I shared my room with Adam when he would return to the family after being gone or missing for what seemed like years. Those nights that I shared my room with him were often filled with nightmares of demons and

terror. I would wake up in a sweat to see my skinny brother lying sound asleep next to me. At that point when we were both younger, he had a large tattoo on his back of a demonic man with wings like a dragon and the head of an evil spirit, like the creatures on Iron Maiden albums. He has since covered it up with a more aesthetically pleasing Japanese motif. In those days, though, the spirit on his back stared at me and I was immobilized by its power. I can only imagine what Adam felt like with all of those spirits in his life (Actually I did know what it felt like—hell). Adam never asked for help, and we all watched my beautiful brother disappear. He was replaced by an angry, violent, tormented being that drove him to depths I will never know and do not desire to imagine.

Adam would be my first experience in dealing with violent, dark entities. It does not make me love him any less or judge him any more. The experience with my brother gave me the ability to see what drugs and alcohol can do to a person and what they invite in with it. One moment Adam would be there and the next, another being would be staring out of his eyes.

I knew then the difference between him and the spirits, but I'm not sure he did. I suspect that he left the family in order not to expose us to his demons. He let them drive his life and I suspect he liked it, otherwise he wouldn't have chosen it.

A demon is an entity that is generally described as a malevolent spirit; however, the word *demon* was originally *daemon,* which was Latinized from Greek. A daemon is a good or bad spirit or an unclear spirit or simply, a spirit. The negative connotation of demons did not come until later, as Christianity spread. Daemons were between the humans and the gods in Greek mythology. They were often the spirits of dead heroes. Like so many things, the original meaning and definition of the word has been lost and twisted through time.

I think in truth that demons are what people use to justify their own choices and unconsciousness. Of course spirits can influence people as well as people can influence spirits. But the choices people make and the actions they take are still their choices. Saying that spirits possesses them or that they have demons is completely ignoring the person's own responsibility.

Nevertheless, using drugs and alcohol can and will attract to a person the kind of entities that like to be around the energy of drugs and alcohol. It can be the spirit of a person who overdosed on drugs or who was an alcoholic. They don't have a body any more, but they have every interest in using drugs and alcohol. Therefore, they will find a body that they can use the drugs and alcohol through.

I bring up this story to illustrate what drugs and alcohol can do to a person and a life. Using drugs and alcohol opens you up to unconscious and anti-conscious entities. When I say "using drugs," I mean using recreational and pharmaceutical drugs. When I talk about using alcohol, I mean consuming enough to make you unaware and un-present.

Every time you choose drugs or alcohol, you are shutting down the channels through which the universe can guide you and provide for you. With this also comes a huge number of unconscious and anti-conscious entities that do not have your best interests at heart.

This is why some people seem creepy or seem to have shadows around them. The person isn't creepy; the entities around them are creating that vibe.

If you know someone who is a heavy drinker or a heavy drug user and cannot stop no matter how hard they try, there is a good chance that they have entities attached to them that want to drink or use drugs. It is not that the person wants to drink—it is the entity. The entity constantly delivers the message to the person's body to have a drink or take a drug. Clear the entity and the person will have a much easier time quitting.

Someone who is a long-time drinker or drug user can have literally thousands of entities attached to him or her. These entities can be cleared, but the person can easily pull them back or attract more if they continue to make unconscious choices.

Some people like their unconscious entities; the entities feel familiar and comfortable to them. If you take away the entities away by clearing or any other means, the person can feel uncomfortable or lonely. A choice is a choice. You may think the person would be better off without the drugs, alcohol and spirits, but the person may simply not agree.

Rites of Passage

What would the world be like if we were all empowered to be as great as we would like and were told that we were not wrong or right, but rather magnificent beyond our wildest dreams?

I have often deeply contemplated the world of a teenager. Teenagers still hold the keys of childhood and embody the coming strength of adulthood. They are alive with the energy of youth and they are beginning to grasp the rules of this world. Some teens handle this time with great ease and enjoy their “coming of age” whilst others struggle.

I believe teenagers are some of the most powerful people on the planet. An empowered teen is a force to be reckoned with. They have not yet fully succumbed to the limitations of this reality. An un-empowered teen is also a force to be reckoned with, although it may be a destructive less pleasant force.

If you took a survey about how people remember their teens. you would receive lots of mixed responses. For me, being a teenager resembled something close to hell. If I could have just skipped over that part of my life, I would have.

High school was torture, as well as mind-numbingly boring. They just were not teaching me stuff that I was interested in or that mattered to me.

A strange anomaly occurred for me as I entered my teen years. As years thirteen and fourteen rolled around, I began to have a more and more difficult time in life, as teenagers tend to do. There were strong, strange feelings in me that I didn’t understand or question. I just slowly became more surly and miserable. I did not understand how different my family was nor how different I was. I would spend the next ten years trying to fit in with everyone else without realizing that is what I was trying to do.

Even though Gary had weekly channeling get-togethers where people would come to the house and sit around in a darkened room while Rasputin spoke through Gary, I was not walking around admitting to the world that I saw and heard entities. That was something my parents were into as far as I was concerned. I didn't really have an opinion about what my parents did, and were into but I was rapidly moving into really caring what my friends thought about me. I just wanted to be cool and be liked.

I would not advertise or share with friends what Gary did; it just wasn't something I wanted to talk about. I was never opposed to it; I just didn't want to deal with the judgments and concerns that other people had about what my parents were into. And whom do their parents not mortally embarrass when they are a teen, anyway?

I did my best to cut off all my supernatural perceptions, and by the time I was fifteen, I thought I was living in a world just like everyone else. The only hang up was that I just kept getting angrier and more depressed. My parents tried to assist me in all the ways that I would let them, but stubborn as I was, I didn't want to listen to them or receive any of their help.

I can look back now with awareness and see that the anger and depression were a result of resisting and denying that I was hearing the voices of the dead. Fighting against the perceptions just distorted them into strong feelings. It was easier to say I was upset rather than saying I was talking to dead people. I was lying to myself about who I was and what was real for me. I couldn't make my perceptions fit into the world I thought I was living in. I didn't want to be that kind of freak.

In my teens, I gathered that the world as a whole was not openly accepting of people who spoke with ghosts. If I spoke to someone about the fact that I saw and heard spirits, I could be judged harshly and if I had lived in another time or country, I could have been hurt or hunted like a witch.

In high school you take Algebra, not Understanding Psychic Energy and Communicating with Entities 101. The latter would have been a lot more helpful to me. Who needs to know the Pythagorean theory when you have dead people's unfinished business running in your head day and night? I would have liked to go to Hogwarts.

The only class I liked at all was art. I was so grumpy and angry during my teenage years and I thought I hated everyone so much, that making friends was not high on my priority list. Strangely enough, my two best friends during high school were born-again Christians; ironic, I know. They were super-involved with their families and the church, but for some reason that never interfered with our little motley crew. We didn't really care what each other's home lives were like, and being around them was easy for me. We were all art geeks and got on as well as three freaky, angry, introverted teens could. I barely ever saw their parents, which is weird, because we spent almost every waking hour hanging out together.

We never went to any school dances or functions, and I didn't even attend my own graduation. I couldn't stand being around most people, especially large groups of them. I judged myself terribly for this. To call me anti-social would have been an understatement. I retreated to far off places in my mind and held my breath, hoping and waiting for life to pass me by and be over.

My stepbrother Sky and I had been in the same class together since the second grade, but by the time we were in eleventh grade, he was showing up at school less and less often. Finally, one day he just stopped coming altogether. I would have loved to follow his lead, but this was not nearly as easy for me to pull off. Sky was living at his mom's house and she let him do pretty much whatever he wanted. At the time, I was living at my mom's house with Gary, and she wouldn't hear of me leaving school. So I remained in school for fear of my mom's wrath.

In order to finish school, I drifted off into No-where-ville in my mind. I became less and less present to avoid the (forgive the dramatics) agony of having to do something day-in and day-out that had nothing to do with me as a being; it was more about robotizing me to have the same answers as everyone else.

My typical behavior involved swinging between paralyzing bouts of grief and wildly maniacal joy punctuated with bursts of aggression and anger. If I'd consulted with a psychiatrist, I certainly would have been diagnosed as having Bipolar Disorder, but this failed to explain what was going on at the time, as I now understand it.

I had what I humorously refer to as Psychic Tourette's. If someone around me was suppressing a certain feeling of anger or sadness, I would do him or her the favor of expressing it for them! Wasn't that nice of me? The result was that I ended up appearing to be a total basket case. All the while, I was thinking there must be something wrong with me, because I couldn't get any of "my" feelings under control. So I did what any other overly sensitive teen who hears the voices of the dead would do, I turned to drugs. The drugs turned off the voices temporarily and made all the heaviness lighter. They showed me a world where magic just might be possible.

I do not suggest or advocate that drugs are a solution or answer of any kind. Consciousness is a true high. Drugs are an artificial, fake high that more often than not leaves you more lost than you were in the first place. They also can facilitate a person pulling in more entities, as I have stated before. They seem fun but the damage they can do to someone is rarely worth the temporary high they provide.

I graduated from high school in a daze, and at the end of that summer, I moved to New York City to go to art school in Brooklyn. Imagine little psychic seventeen-year-old me let loose on the streets of New York City. I don't think I spent one moment of my time in New York not stoned on something; it's a miracle I could ever find my way home. I couldn't seem to bear the weight of what I was experiencing in the world. I far preferred to retreat into my drug-induced imagination where everything was, for all intents and purposes, better.

Ironically it was during this time that I started to open up to the possibilities of doing more and more work with Gary.

Access

One day in 1991, when I was about eleven, Gary got a phone call from a client who lived in New York. This fellow asked Gary if he could fly over to do a channel-guided massage. Gary asked him, “How much will I get paid and do I have to touch you?” I’m not sure how much cash was involved, but the client assured Gary that he would not be doing the massage; he would be channeling and telling the massage therapist what to do. Gary agreed and flew out to New York. It was during this session that the first tools of Access Consciousness were channeled. Access would become Gary’s life work and provide me the space to be who I am today.

In 1992, on a warm summer night in the garage studio behind the house in Santa Barbara Gary channeled the first classes of Access. Four people attended that initial class. The material from these classes has become the foundational tools of Access.

After doing the channeling, Gary listened to recordings of the classes to learn the processes and information himself. He explained that he had to listen to the recordings, because when he channeled, it was like standing down a long hallway, far from his body. In the beginning, he often did not recall what he had channeled in the sessions. This changed over time, but in the beginning there was not much recollection.

The first stuff that Gary started talking about when he was channeling was something called The Bars. The hands-on process called The Bars uses a light touch upon the head, contacting different points that correspond to different aspects of one’s life. For example, there are points for joy, sadness, body and sexuality, awareness, kindness, gratitude, peace and calm. There is even a money bar. They are called bars because they literally run from one side of your head to the other. By gently holding these points, we release all the accumulated thoughts, feelings, emotions, considerations and judgments one has in relation to this aspect. One bars session releases 5,000 to 10,000 years of considerations. Can you imagine what that is like?

Well, let me tell you, you get up feeling a hell of a lot lighter. You have stuff clear up that you didn't even know was bothering you until it isn't there anymore. In essence, running the bars creates a lot more clarity and ultimately consciousness.

Holding our fingers on these bars releases the electromagnetic component that we generate in our energy field when we feel bad or sad or have a judgment. Science is now saying that we literally hardwire our brains by having the same thought or experience repeatedly. By the time we are five or six, we have very little room for change; we have hardwired our brains. It is called neurosynaptic pathways.

At first I didn't know what to make of what was happening during or after these bars sessions, but the more I did them, the more I became increasingly aware of the drastic change happening in my personality and life. I began feeling lighter and happier, I was more comfortable around others and I knew it was easier for other people to be around me as well.

I slept deeply through my first bars session, or what I thought was sleep at the time. This wasn't exactly the sleep that happens in bed at night; this was a kind of spacey, dreamy place where I could hear everything going on around me. My body was in a state of deep relaxation that I equated with sleep because I hadn't felt anything like it before.

When I came back to my body from wherever I was, I was on the massage table; Gary was done channeling and he was smiling at me. I tried to move but I couldn't get up; my body would not stir, so I just laid there for what seemed like ages as I landed back in this reality. When I was finally able to get up, I nearly toppled over when my feet hit the ground. Everything in my body had shifted; my proprioception had changed. I was not yet accustomed to this new body of mine. Everything was much, much lighter; in fact I was dizzy and light-headed. Unaware of what to do with myself in this state, I excused myself and stumbled off to bed.

It wasn't until years later, when I saw what a dynamic change Access was having on Gary and until I was desperate enough that I truly became interested in Access. Access turned out to be a miracle I did not even realize I was asking for.

In 1998 when I was living in New York, Gary came to the city to have a booth at one of those health, wellness and psychic fairs. I came around to visit. He and a few other people were running bars and introducing people to Access. He invited me to lie down on the table to have my bars run, and soon tears were welling up and I was crying. Then the next thing I knew, I was sobbing hard and I couldn't stop it no matter how embarrassed I was. It just came out of nowhere and I could not keep it in. All the while, Gary kept running my bars and telling me that it was okay and to just let it out, so I did. It did pass eventually, and Gary finished running my bars, I sat up feeling lighter and clearer than I had felt in what seemed like years. I had not even noticed how heavy I had felt until after it was all gone, whatever "it" was.

After I recomposed myself and gave everyone a hug, especially Gary, I set off for the subway to head home to my place on the Upper West Side because I had a class in the morning. The fair was on 34th Street, and for those of you who do not know New York City, it is one of the busiest streets in Manhattan. I walked out the door of the building and proceeded down the block to my subway stop, but on my way I noticed a woman standing on the side of the wide sidewalk by the road. She was bending over something and as I looked to see what it was, I was blown away. There on the ground, right in the middle of Manhattan on 34th Street were lots of hundred dollar bills spilling out of a checkbook. As soon as I registered what I was looking at, the woman bending over it looked up at me with a plea in her eyes. I walked over to her and we both just stood there staring at it. All the other hundreds of people walking around on the street didn't even notice. New York is funny this way; there are so many people, but no one sees anything. You could be lying there dying and people would just step over you.

The lady looked at me and told me she was scared of it and I should handle it. This is what she said verbatim. With that, she just walked off. I kid you not; she said she was scared of it. I thought, "Shit I'll take it!" I scooped everything up, put it in my bag and hustled to the subway hoping that no one was coming after me.

I made it home to the safety of my room, shut the door and pulled out the cash to examine my findings. I counted it then for the first time; it was

$800.

The thing was, that the money had come inside a checkbook and lo and behold, there was the woman's name and address, but no phone number.

She lived in Vermont. I thought about my two options. I could keep the money for myself, but I knew I wouldn't really enjoy it under those circumstances, or I could return it. I decided to write a letter to the address, letting her know that I had found the money and if I didn't hear back from her in three weeks, I would keep it. If I did hear back, I would send it to her.

Two weeks later, my cool baby blue retro phone rang and there she was, Miss Vermont, professing elatedly how amazing it was that I found the money and how I had renewed her faith in the human race by offering to return it. I thought, "Well, that's a pretty good reward, the renewal of faith." She told me to keep $200 of it for thanks, which was ironic because I had already spent exactly $200 on pot.

A few weeks later I had an appointment with one of the women who had been learning Access with Gary. She had been there at the psychic fair. She was a Shiatsu therapist and I was going to have a treatment. She ended up doing Access with me, as chance would have it, which was nice. I left her office feeling lighter and more expanded. I took the elevator down to the ground level and as the doors opened onto the lobby, there was a janitor's cart across from me with a huge, clear garbage bag full of trash on top. I was about to step around it when I spied something, a $20 bill staring out at me from the bottom of the bag. I thought, "Why, hello there" and poked a small hole in the bag with my finger, rescued the $20 and went on my way.

I didn't realize until years later that these money findings were the direct result of Access and my being able to receive more from the universe. Using the tools of Access changed something in me and things were showing up as if by magic. Gary often says, "You don't have a money problem; you have a receiving problem. Be willing to receive more and the money will be a by-product."

Things were starting to change for me, and it was only a matter of time before I would fully realize the scope of what was possible and my abilities with entities.

As my first school year was coming to an end in New York, I decided to move back home. There is a drastic difference between the west and east coast of the U.S. I missed my family and the Californian weather. I decided to transfer to an art school in California. I moved to Oakland, which is across the bay from San Francisco, to reunite with my friends from Santa Barbara who were going to school in Oakland as well. I remember crying as I looked out the window of the small airplane that was flying me home to Santa Barbara. To land in Santa Barbara, you fly in over the ocean and it was sparkling and blue and brilliant. I had missed the beauty of the sun and sea of California. I got into school in Oakland and I moved up there to give art school one more shot.

By this time, I was finding myself on the phone with Gary more and more regularly, asking for help with my life. I really began to notice Access was working because I could call Gary in complete hysterics and in a matter of moments, I would be totally calmed down. By the time I got off the phone with Gary, I could barely remember what I was upset about in the first place.

I chose to drop out of art school and pursue Access full time. My mother hated this, but Gary allowed me to make the choice. I knew I had to do it. Art school was fun in that I got to spend all my time making art, but the hard part for me was that it was like one big, never-ending party. Some may think this sounds great but the more conscious I got, the harder it was for me to be around all the drugs and alcohol. Artists party harder and go to weirder places in their lives and minds than anyone else I know. As I became more conscious, I also started to notice I had no true connection with anyone at school, and that no one else was having any real connection with anyone else. I was experiencing a connection that I was so hungry for with the people I was meeting in Access. I felt totally un-judged and cared for, plus the more Access classes I did, the happier and easier everything was getting.

I moved back down to Santa Barbara from Oakland, got an apartment and started teaching all my friends and anyone else who was interested, how to run bars and do Access.

The more Access I did the more and more aware I became. I had always perceived the entities whether I wanted to admit it or not, but I was completely unprepared, or so I thought, for what came next.

The signs that entities were a part of my life were undeniable. The whisper of their voices in my ears and a light brush on my shoulder as they tried to get my attention were a daily occurrence. My apartment would fill up with the fog of their presence. One day as if a light switch was turned on, there they all were.

The entities said, “Hello, Shan, it’s been a while… We know you’ve been trying to avoid us and you were sort of successful…but now that you have chosen to be more aware, we are going to be around a lot more.”

I reluctantly said, “Okay. I’m sorry I have been ignoring you, but I wasn’t really ready until now.”

The entities responded with the simple statement: “Let’s get to work.”

Part Two

The Frontier

“Everything is possible. Only our choice keeps us from it.”

~ Gary M. Douglas ~

Enchanted Forest, Enchanted Earth

At age twenty I visited New Zealand for the first time. Gary was doing a ten-day intensive class there. We were in a place called Rotorua, about three hours south of Auckland.

Rotorua is famous for its sulfuric, geo-thermal underground activity. The first day I was there, I ran through a stream and guess what, it was hot!

The property where the class was being held was an epic, beautiful piece of land. A lot of the property had been cleared for sheep grazing, so there were lots of iridescent rolling hills edged by thick dark green forest. Around one of the large rolling hills a path descended down through a forest straight out of *The Lord of the Rings* to an enchanted jade-colored lake.

The first day I found this path, I did not take it. I walked to the forest edge, and without knowing why, turned around to explore other parts of the property. That day I found a zip line. (A zip line is called a flying fox in Australia and New Zealand. It is a heavy piece of cable that stretches from a high point to a lower point with a pulley and handle that zips you down.) I spent most of that afternoon running to the top of the hill, zipping down as fast as I could with my knees tucked into my chest, and running back up to do it all over again. I love New Zealand.

I came to the path again the second and third day and again did not enter the forest. On the fourth day the weather became sweltering and I thought, “I have to go see this lake and have a swim. “

As I stood at the edge of the forest just looking at it, I had the strangest feeling, but I didn’t really know what it was. I just set my feet walking and I entered the forest’s edge.

As soon as I was amongst the trees, the bright morning light dimmed to a green almost sparkling haze. The trees were thick, huge and gnarled

together. The floor of the forest was covered in a thick mass of ferns. Some of the ferns towered over me, and vivid green moss grew on the tree trunks. The calls of the birds drew me deeper into the forest, and as I descended I began to hear what I swear was laughter, and I felt as though twinkling lights were hovering within the boughs of the trees.

I saw something sparkle out of the corner of my eye but when I turned to look, I couldn't see anything there. There was something darting about on the path just out of my eyesight. At first I thought I was just tripping over the rocks but then it felt all together as if I was being tripped.

I called out for it to stop without knowing what I was addressing, and it did stop.

I continued down the path and eventually came to the large, light green lake surrounded on most sides by high, sheer rock walls. I could see to the other side of the water but it was a far way off. I stood and soaked up the hot morning sun and the majestic sights of this quiet, untouched, alive place. I slipped off my shoes and stood with my toes in the water's edge.

I was very hot even though it was only early morning and I was very much interested in dipping my body in the cool water, but something forbade me from entering the lake. The light sparkling off the rippling water seemed to be telling me something. It was not cognitive, but it was getting its message across to me. The spirits in the water did not want me to enter. At the time I did not cognitively think, "Oh, the spirits in this lake do not want me to enter," I just knew I was not going in the water. The water was beautiful, but there was also something eerie and strange about it.

So I just turned around and headed back up the path to have a shower and go to class.

On the way up the path, I found myself stopping to stare up at the energy around the trees and the mesmerizing something coming through the leaves.

At this point in time, I was twenty and I was just coming out of the years of trying to not be aware of this sort of thing. I was not fully conscious of what I was privy to there in that forest in New Zealand on a hot summer morning in the year 2000.

Something was starting to come through to me. Something was waking up in me and changing me.

My fingers began to tingle and shake and my head was light. My vision began warping and quivering. I sat down on the path and had to place the palms of my hands flat on the earth, and then the voices of the spirits in the trees began to come to me. They laughed and giggled and tickled my face.

If I hadn't known better, I would think I was high on drugs, but this was real; this was actually happening. I could not exactly decipher what they were saying, but the beings of this natural place were intervening in my life to heal me, change me and show me another possibility. Call them fairies, call them tree nymphs, call them what you will, this place was full of spirits. Not human spirits but lighter, brighter, sharper glittering spirits.

I began seeing into another dimension where my mind made no sense, and I began to be afraid. As soon as the fear came, all the laughter and sparkling stopped, and I knew I had stopped it. I was annoyed with myself because I had lost the glorious feelings that were running through me, and at the same time I was not sure about where I was going and whether I was safe there. I was confused about how to let go into this magical place and keep my sanity.

And then it came to me like a ton of bricks. I remembered a time when I was eighteen and two of my friends and I walked up into the mountains of Santa Barbara to eat magic mushrooms. I remembered the letting go of that time and the deep places of communion with nature that the drug gave me access to.

That was actually the first time since childhood that I saw and knew there were spirits in water and nature. My friends and I found a place by a creek with large rocks to sit on, and I spent most of the day squatting down by the pool formed by a deep bend in the creek. All I could do was stare and stare at the water and say, "Can you see that? Can you see that?" but no one heard me. My friends were off climbing the trees. The spirits in the creek that day in Santa Barbara evoked something I had never felt before. It was a sense of knowing everything from forever and everywhere. It was a deep sense of wholeness and peace that had no feelings or thoughts to it, only

infinite awesome space. I couldn't figure out if seeing and feeling the spirits in the water was terrifying or fascinating. I was mesmerized, unable to walk away or walk into the water. I just sat in the dirt and leaves by that creek and kept going deeper and deeper with my consciousness into the dark water, quite literally having my mind blown.

After the sun went down and mushrooms wore off, I forgot all about those water spirits till I sat on the ground in this forest in New Zealand.

It all came back to me, and it was as if I was being opened up to that entire deep communion with nature here, without the drugs. Mother earth showed me her magic and her little powerful beings came out to greet me. They seemed to know I was ready—but I was not so sure.

I began to let go again into the sparkling energy, and the next thing I knew I woke up sore and wet on the forest floor. I didn't know where I was for a while, and it took me what seemed like forever to come to. My head was foggy and I just didn't feel like getting up.

As I sat there in a daze I began to notice that there was a strange glow coming from the plants that were all around me. And then something brought my attention to the fact that it was getting dark and I might want to get up before all the light went. I stumbled to my feet and made my way slowly up the forest path.

As I came to the edge of the forest, I stood for a moment, not knowing if I wanted to return to the land of humans. I felt like I was being forced to go back to the people, and I resented it, but I also knew I could not stay amongst the trees. I knew it was not my place.

When I came out of the forest I noticed that not only were the plants in the forest glowing but so was all the grass, and even the buildings of the place off in the distance had a faint iridescent glow to them.

It took about ten days for the glowing to go away, and after that only the trees, plants and flowers glowed, and of course sometimes conscious people.

At the end of that trip, Gary gave me a bone carved necklace of a half dragon, half fish creature. I asked him what it was and he told me it was

what the Maori call a Taniwha, a water spirit. I thought, “Oh, that must have been what was in that lake.”

So many indigenous cultures not only believe there are spirits in water, they also believe in the spirits of their ancestors.

The Balinese, for example, believe that evil spirits live in water. I would not go so far as to say that the spirits of water are evil; they are just deep and dark, and people tend to be averted by this sort of thing. It is common sense to these people that there are spirits in the world.

In Shakespeare’s time it was common knowledge that ghosts were a part of everyone’s daily life, and those that scoffed at ghosts were considered foolish.

I am endlessly boggled by where we, as a society, have come to in regards to the spirit world. I think that someday we will look back on this time and say, “Remember when people didn’t believe in ghosts?” just like we now say, “Remember when they used to think the earth was flat?”

A Friend's Father Comes to Visit

The transition from denial into fully wielding the sword of my perception was a bit rough, sort of like climbing a mountain. It's hard on the way up, but you know that when you get to the top you are going to really like it. The first step was to acknowledge that the mountain was there at all. The second step was figuring out the best place to ascend. The third was to simply keep going once I had started. Looking down or going back was not in the cards for me. Even when the path seemed too steep and the idea of going any further was unbearable, I knew that going back would be infinitely more boring and less rewarding than just getting on with it.

I found a lot more peace, as I moved into my twenties.

This was when I met my first boyfriend. He was working as a carpenter on a job site with the guy I was sharing my apartment with. Tom was my housemate and he was an electrician. Tom also did Access and he invited Kevin, my soon-to-be-boyfriend over for a bars session. As chance and the universe would have it, Tom "forgot" and was in Los Angeles when Kevin came knocking on the door.

Kevin knocked, I answered and the rest is history.

Kevin was my first proper boyfriend, and he brought a lot of new things into my life, as I did to his. He lived on a boat in the harbor, which was new to me, and I thought it was awesome. He taught me to sail and read tarot, which believe it or not, I had never done before.

One night when Kevin and I were going to sleep, I noticed the powerful presence of a being standing by the bed. It was like a giant pillar of intensity staring down at me. I couldn't really avoid or deny its presence because it was so strong. Where I would have been able to ignore it before, now I could not. It scared me, so I tried to clear it using some tools I had learned from Access.

These tools were usually very effective, but in this case they were having no result. I persisted with the clearing, hoping the being would leave, but still, the being stood there strong as ever, just staring at me.

I then proceeded to ask the being what he (because I could tell he was a male entity) wanted from me and still I got no reply that I could decipher.

I kept asking him what he was doing there, but to no avail, I was getting nothing.

Eventually I gave up from frustration and sleepiness. I just went to sleep with this being standing over the bed. I made Kevin sleep on the side where the being stood without telling him why I wanted to trade sides.

The next night we got into bed and there the presence was again staring into me and demanding my attention. So I went through the whole rigmarole again with the clearing and asking what he wanted, to no avail, and so again I slept.

The third night, as we got into bed, there was the presence again and by this time I was up to my eyeballs with frustration, so I decided to mention it to Kevin.

I told him, the best I could, about this being standing by the bed.

I mentioned I tried clearing him and had no such luck. I told Kevin I couldn't figure out what the being was trying to say to me, and then Kevin asked, "Is it you he wants to talk to?" and then, by George, there it was, plain as day.

I had been asking the wrong question. This being did not want to speak with me. He wanted to speak with Kevin, duh! And I was going to facilitate it.

I was skeptical, but was going to try my hand at it and see what happened. I did my best to keep my point of view out of it and just be a mouthpiece for whatever was going to come through.

I had no idea how Kevin was going to take this, but I had to take the chance and see if there was really anything to it.

I looked at Kevin with doubt in my eyes and asked him if this was really happening? He smiled almost jubilantly and said, “Heck yeah,” eager and proud of me at the same time. It was a newsflash to me that he was keen to see me present this ability. I realized that this was not something to be ashamed of, but something people were interested in. This would be the first of many encounters that would encourage me to present to others what I saw and be the mouthpiece for those that were not heard.

I said, “Your father is here now, he says he is sorry.” I spoke as quickly as possible, not wanting to let my mind get in the way.

With these simple words Kevin began crying. This took us both aback; neither of us expected this emotional response. I proceeded continued quickly, wanting to take advantage of the moment while we were both willing. His father proceeded to tell Kevin he was proud of him and was sorry for never being there in his life.

This was a simple message, but it was enough. Kevin turned into a puddle of tears.

This was a new development. I could have easily dismissed all of this as something I was making up, but Kevin’s unexpected and uncontrollable emotional response was all the validation I needed.

Kevin and his father had not had a good relationship when his father was alive. He had been an abusive and stubborn man, whom Kevin spoke little about, but he held onto a silent resentment. Kevin was a highly skilled carpenter and custom sailboat builder, renowned in his field for his fine work and artistry. His father had never once showed any interest in his work and would go out of his way to insult Kevin as a simple laborer.

They had seen each other little in the years leading up to his father’s death and Kevin did not attend the funeral when his father did pass.

I had been with Kevin for a year and I had never seen this in him. This was a new man, the man he had always held away from himself. He had only mentioned his father to me a few times in passing conversation. I had not realized what an impact his father had on him or that he was holding all of those feelings in.

His father also let on that he was sorry for the way he had treated Kevin's mother and asked if Kevin would please forgive him.

This event was a gift for all of us. Kevin's father assisted me by being so persistent and refusing to go away when I couldn't understand what he wanted. It taught me that sometimes entities come to us because they want us to deliver a message to someone else.

Somehow it wasn't even the words I was saying, but the energy that was coming through that was having the biggest impact. I could see that there was a huge amount of healing going on for both Kevin and his father.

This is the first time I would really see how facilitating a communication between the deceased and living would heal and transform both sides.

I had always known that there was a lot for the living to receive from the dead, but I had never realized how much there was for the dead to receive from the living.

Kevin's forgiveness allowed his father to heal and move on.

What would it take for people to realize what really matters to them in their life as opposed to after their death?

I came up with a little trick to get myself to look at what matters to me in any given moment in my life.

I imagine that today is the last day of my life. I imagine that by dawn the next day I will be dead, and if I am really able to go there with this fantasy, the things that really matter to me start to rise to the surface.

The things that I am holding onto and being upset become irrelevant in the large scope of things.

I realize that the argument that I had with my sister was really no big deal, no matter how right I thought I was. I realize that what is really important to me is not if a guy calls me back or if I have enough money or if my butt is too big. It is the love I have for everyone and myself that really matters. And letting those that I love know that I love them.

The message that comes through with the spirits most often is that of love and forgiveness. They often just want to make sure that a particular person knows that they love them or to apologize for something they did in their previous embodiment. The message is oftentimes this simple and it comes through more often than I would have ever realized and expected.

I have learned through this "job" of being a medium that most people (not all) are not happy with the way they lived their lives and often come back to try and remedy or heal whatever they think is unresolved.

So, I call the people I have argued with and tell them I am sorry and I let go of all of the upset myself. I flow love to all the people in my life that I may have not let know how much I care. I destroy all my judgments of the rightness or wrongness of my life or what I perceive people have been or done to me.

I take full responsibility for my life and feelings.

Death is the final challenger; it makes us face what we avoid looking at throughout our life. It makes you realize there is no more time to waste and that great change is upon you. You are reaching the edge of reality as you know it. Why not live on that edge, to remain alert in our lives? Through this exercise, I am not taking my life for granted. I realize I have this embodiment to enjoy this world, and the reality of its impermanence is very real to me.

This usually works for a while, until I realize that I have become un-present in my life and I go through the exercise again.

When I go, I don't want to be stuck here because I have unresolved business.

An Evening in New Orleans

Kevin was becoming more and more interested in Access so he proposed that we drive across the country to Florida where my stepfather was doing a class in the Panhandle. He said we could take his van and camp out and visit friends and family along the way. This sounded great to me; I had never driven across the United States and was keen for adventure.

I loved this drive, seeing the landscape of Southern California give way to the dry, flat deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. Texas turned out a bit soul crushing; no state lines to mark your progress, only endless stretching road and sky.

We drove a 1985 VW van without stereo and air conditioning. Even if there had been a stereo in it, it would have been difficult to hear over the roar of the engine and the sound of the road. To pass the time, I listened to an *Autobiography of a Yogi* and *Conversations with God* on my Walkman as I gazed at the landscape. The books were long enough to last all the way across the country and interesting enough, with their otherworldly miracles and spiritual philosophies to keep me entertained.

As we reached East Texas, the humidity hit us like a wall, and we were good and ready for a stop. What better place to stop, we thought, than New Orleans, where Kevin had family.

I had never been to this part of the United States and had no idea what to expect. What do people think of when they think of the South?

Do they think of eerie Spanish moss that flows from the large majestic oaks of the region or peach pie, fried chicken and iced tea?

I thought of impeccable southern hospitality, big hair, big hats, big bellies and big racism. Of course I had only heard stories about slavery and racism. It was in all the history books. I had never actually met anyone who was uncool enough to actually be racist. I know this indicated I had a slightly

sheltered life. Sheltered from mankind's rather horrific shortcomings, but not sheltered from extraordinary supernatural experiences beyond our five senses, ironic I know.

This is a very uncouth thing to say, but I must admit I am very grateful for the black slaves that came over to America. Slavery was horrific at best, and what came out of the whole thing is amazing, in my opinion. Without Africans being brought over as slaves would we have Jazz, Blues, Soul, Hip Hop or Rock and Roll? It is out of my belief that anyone would work so hard to control another person, I mean who's really the slave? How could you even do it? It's totally beyond my understanding, but I also don't get why you would cut down a forest or kill an animal, let alone force someone to be less than you. Nevertheless, isn't it cool what those Africans came up with?

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

By the time we neared Houston, it was the middle of the night. We pulled off for gas near the city center because I-10 (the highway that goes straight from Southern California to Florida, right through the belly of Texas) goes right through the middle of Houston. We came to a halt and killed the engine. My ears buzzed from the constant road hum and I was grateful to have a short break. The heat was almost unbearable due to the humidity. I remember being fascinated by the urban decay of the city. Sidewalks were weathered and uneven, with plants making their way through to the surface, breaking up asphalt here and there. Some of the buildings were dilapidated and unkempt. Houston is a very affluent city, but a city, nonetheless. Santa Barbara is a beach town that slightly resembles a resort rather than a real place where people live. On the surface, Santa Barbara is perfect, and I was learning more about the world through the soul of Houston, late at night, in the middle of summer.

Due to the enormous almost unearthly amount of construction going on around the city center in 1999, we spent the next hour trying to figure out how to get back onto the highway going east. The construction zone looked to me like the inside of a spaceship in the movie Alien. It was all dark, with wires and cords all over the place and broken up cement exposing the underbelly of the city's infrastructure. There were grates with steam wafting

out of them and endless turns leading to more badly placed signs pointing us always in the wrong direction. If I didn't know better, I would have just thought this was really bad city planning. But I remember wondering what was keeping us there. Was something blocking us from getting back on the road and into New Orleans?

After the trip to New Orleans, I got the message loud and clear, but at that point in time it just all seemed like a cross between a coincidence and a big invisible hand trying to turn us in another direction. Eventually through lots of labor, we found our way on the I-10 East.

As we drove through the night toward Louisiana, the dawn rose to unveil the surface of a surreal planet. Swamp country like I had never seen. The highway in this part of the country is elevated over hundreds of miles of swamp. The mossy trees had an eerie, mysterious feel and I could only imagine what lay beneath the surface of the brown water. I wondered how the first residents settled on this inhospitable land and why they bothered.

Eventually we approached New Orleans, and pulled off I-10 and turned north, crossing the flat, seemingly endless Lake Pontchartrain Bridge enroute to our friends' house to drop off our bags and freshen up before exploring the city of New Orleans. Neither Kevin nor I had slept a full night's sleep in four nights, we had just been tag-team driving. One drove while the other slept for a while, or we were both awake, talking and enjoying the freedom of the road. We could have waited a night and caught up on our sleep before partaking in what New Orleans had to offer; in hindsight this may have been a good idea, but we decided to forego rest for fun and off we headed to the city.

Ten minutes after we reached the center of the French Quarter, I realized this was not going to be as much fun as I had originally hoped. The entities in the city were even thicker than the humidity. I tried to pretend that this was not going on, mostly because at the time I didn't really know what to do about this many entities in one place—or whether I should even try to do anything about it. I tried to block it all out and just keep up with everyone else. I found this deliberate refusal sometimes worked—sort of. Eventually though, the gigantic purple gorilla I was trying to ignore would hit me over the head often enough that I realized I had two choices, either collapse

under the pressure of it, or face it, whatever “it” looked or felt like. I was starting to fight feeling all sort of crazy. This was a slightly new awareness to me; I had not been around this sheer volume of entities since I had been in the United Kingdom as a youngster, and I had long forgotten about that. I tried not to pay too much attention to this; I pushed the feeling away and tried to have a good time, but I kept getting more and more uncomfortable.

As we walked through the cobbled streets, I was astonished to notice entities standing three rows deep in front of the walls everywhere I looked. There were more entities in New Orleans than there were people. I wondered how this could possibly be, so I kept denying it. I had no idea there could be anything like this.

I also encountered an energy I had never experienced before. It was as if I didn’t speak the language. Was I picking up on something or was I just imagining it? Was something spooky going on here or was I just making it up? I kept being pulled between trying to make sense of everything and thinking I was going crazy. As we spent more time walking around the city, I started putting two and two together. After seeing the fifth creepy Voodoo shop, I realized what I had neglected to realize before. The spirits in the streets of New Orleans knew Voodoo, and they were speaking a language I did not know.

I later learned that the Africans who were brought to the Americas as slaves brought along their religion, Voodoo. Voodoo literally means Spirit. I learned that Voodoo was a peaceful country religion that, due to the extreme cruelty and oppression of the slave trade, became aggressive, even violent. The white slave owners thought the native religion was witchcraft and forbade it, thereby forcing its followers to practice secretly and change the faces and names of their spirit gods to European Catholic saints.

Practitioners of Voodoo call on the spirits for their magic and assistance. Welcome to the South!

Originally the Africans that were brought over as slaves would have been very tuned into the spirit world, because they were never taught that it didn’t exist. On the contrary, they were encouraged to be connected with

their deceased ancestors. They were raised to believe in the spirits and ask for their assistance.

The people in the city tramped around merrily oblivious to the spirits that teemed around them.

As I mentioned before, the entities were standing three rows deep along the walls of the city. The front row of entities along the walls was all men. They stood facing outwards to the streets with empty eyes and mouths that were dark inside. They seemed to contribute to a mass expression rather than having their own individual communication. It sounded like the drone of thousands of insects.

Standing behind the men were the women. Their eyes were more present; they saw what they were looking at. They were the ones doing all the communication, if you could call it that. I could decipher individual thoughts coming from the females. Behind them was an additional force of indefinable energy; it was not human and quite dark. It had no singular form of its own, but its presence was palpable.

I did not realize until later that perhaps the reason why the women stood behind the men was because Voodoo engendered a matriarchal society. The men were guarding the women and the women were guarding this energy behind them. I think the thing they held behind them was the "true" magic of their religion, the stuff that the Africans brought to America that had to be hidden for fear of punishment. That is perhaps why it was so dark behind them. They cloaked it in darkness so no one could see it. Plus, people tend look away from things that are "dark," so what better place to hide something that is precious to you than in the dark?

Now, as clearly as I could see this in my mind's eye, I was still trying to logic it out of existence by simply ignoring it. This was too much to be true, but as the night went on and I lost myself more and more to the shadows, I began to reluctantly acknowledge the reality—this was really happening.

By this time, I could only manage a whisper of protest to request that we leave "now please." My mind was confused and cloudy, and I was feeling emotional. I wanted to stay and enjoy the new sights and sounds of this

famous city, but I was shaking at the knees and felt that I was about to lose my mind.

I was finally able to convince Kevin that I did indeed want to leave early, so he had the job of telling our friends that we were leaving because I was not feeling well. They all protested and asked me why I wasn't well, and all I could do was cry. With this, Kevin excused us both and led me back to the van. I kid you not, I was so muddleheaded by all the spirits, I had all but lost my ability to talk. Not fun, but it was a great learning experience.

Kevin did not seem disappointed by our abrupt departure. He could see me struggling and he himself felt the darkness lurking in the streets.

I later learned that they actually have cemetery tours and tours of the dead in New Orleans. The spirits are revered and celebrated there. No wonder none of them wanted to leave. Apparently, due to the swampy nature of the land, bodies are buried in crypts above ground. Some of these cemeteries resemble small cities of the dead. Buried bodies had been known to re-surface during strong rains in the city as well. Whenever they excavate, they find bodies under the houses in New Orleans. Gross! No wonder this place was creeping me out.

As we moved farther and farther away from the city, I began to relax and started to feel halfway like myself again. I was unable to explain to Kevin what had happened for me in the city; all I could manage was to say, "I just didn't feel good."

It wasn't until years later that I was able to recall this night and clearly remember what had transpired. I have not been able to go through Louisiana since, but I do wonder how Hurricane Katrina affected the paranormal activity in New Orleans. I would wager that that force of nature cleared most, if not all of those stuck spirits.

The power of nature can sometimes be terrifying and highly impactful, but not as terrifying and impactful as the unconsciousness created by people. Nature will always balance us out, whether we like it or not.

Growing into Myself

As time went on I began to have greater and greater ease in openly communicating with spirits. I began to accept whole-heartedly that I was not just making it all up. I also began to see the value in it. The reality of it being a valuable contribution was becoming more and more real to me, as opposed to my being horridly embarrassed by it. I was getting over thinking that I was a freak and I began to embrace my ability.

People were showing up in my life and asking me for readings and offering to pay me for them. I thought, "I can't take their money. What if I don't do a good job?"

The first woman to show up was named Lorain, a little blonde bombshell from Tennessee, who just knew that I could give her what she was looking for. She was very insistent, so I decided to oblige her, although I was still nervous.

This would be my first paid reading, which put all that much more pressure on me.

We sat down and she was eager to begin with a notepad and tape recorder. I sat there trying to convince myself that I was not just some stupid kid making this up. I forced myself to look into Lorain's space to see what I could find, and what do you know? There was her father and the rest of her family. I thought, "Jesus, where do I start?"

I started describing her father to her to make sure it was actually him and she received all the information, head nodding, saying, "Yes, yes, that's exactly what he looked like."

I thought, "This lady is crazy, but if she is crazy, I'm captain crazy."

She wanted to know about her father's will and where he had left all of his supposed money, because no one in the family seemed to know where it was and I thought, "Oh shit…she wants factual information. What if I get it

wrong?" How would I know if I was making it up or not? And if I didn't get it right, that would mean all of this was bogus.

Somehow I found my way through all my doubt and skepticism. I forced myself to go places I had not been before in the spirit world. I forced myself to actually translate what I perceived instead of pushing it away.

I began to openly communicate with her father. I had to ask him for all of the information that Lorain wanted, and it was like pulling teeth. He was reluctant to give me the information because I was not part of the family. I said, "Look dude, I'm just trying to give your daughter a good session, can you please help me out here?"

He said, "Yes, I can tell you, but you have to tell Lorain not to tell her mother."

I was surprised that he was giving me conditions; this was interesting. This was the first time I realized that the spirits had a say in what went on. If a spirit didn't want to give up some information, they wouldn't do it, just like a person. If someone came to me and wanted me to contact a certain dead someone and that certain dead someone did not want to be contacted, there was nothing I could do about it. If you call someone up and they don't want to speak with you, they are not going to answer the phone. Unless you can trick them, but that's a story for another time!

I told Lorain that her father had some conditions about whether or not he was going to give her the information she wanted. All she did was laugh and say, "Of course he does," so we proceeded.

He showed me a picture of a long yard with a few tall trees and a tall old house at the far end. The picture of the yard flashed by so quickly I almost missed it, but I had started to trust the subtle, quick pictures I received. I mentioned the yard to Lorain, and she said it sounded like her father's backyard in Washington State. I confirmed, "Yes, that seems right."

Then she asked, "What does the yard have to do with this?"

I said, "I think he's saying the money is there."

Her jaw dropped "No way!"

“Well, apparently yes. It’s by a big fir tree.”

“I always suspected that, but can’t believe it. My dad grew up during the Great Depression and never trusted banks,” she said.

I thought this was one of the funniest things I had ever heard, someone burying gold in their back yard. Talk about not trusting banks.

Lorain told me she and her brother had tried to convince their mother that their father must have done such a thing, but their mom was resistant to the idea. Her mother said, “How could he have done such a thing right underneath my nose without me noticing?” Out of pride, she forbade any of her children to dig around in the backyard.

I think the mother’s reaction was due to Lorain’s father putting thoughts in her head from beyond the grave. He didn’t want her to discover the treasure. Lorain’s father seemed to have a lot of spite toward his wife, and he tried to manipulate her from beyond the grave so she wouldn’t find what he did not want her to find. It was not my job to speculate about the psychological dimensions of Lorain’s mother and father’s relationship. I was just trying to answer Lorain’s questions clearly and get across what I thought were the most relevant points. So I left out the stuff about Lorain’s father hating her mother.

Lorain was jubilant with the confirming information I was giving her. She told me she couldn’t wait to call her brother and get him to go over to the old family house and start digging. I did my best to describe where I thought it was in the yard. She got up right then and there to go use the phone.

I thought, “Shit, I hope I’m right, but if I’m not, it would be a relief because then I could just give up all this silliness and go back to trying to be normal.”

No such luck. A few days later Lorain called me at home to inform me that they had struck gold. Her brother had gone straight over to the house and begun digging around where I had instructed, and there it was. Over one million dollars in gold coins and bills. I thought, “Holy fuck, I’m going to cry. Did I do that? No way!”

I was in total shock and a bit of disbelief.

Needless to say, Lorain was exuberant about her new findings and I was quite pleased with myself as well, after the shock wore off.

The funny thing all along was that this was happening right before my eyes, and I still couldn't believe it. It's a good thing I'm cute, because sometimes I'm not very smart.

Robin

Robin was one of my stepfathers' clients, and my stepfather referred her to have a session with me. We made a time to have the session over the phone because she was in Texas and I was in California.

Robin began by telling me that her mother was very sick and on her deathbed.

She said that her mother had agreed to some changes in her will and Robin had taken the will out to be signed after the changes were drafted.

After speaking with her mother that morning, Robin arrived out at the property in the afternoon.

Hours of long discussion and persuasion ended in Robin leaving totally perplexed and without a signed will. She spoke with her mother again the next day and her mother asked her why she had not come over like she said she was going to.

Robin was completely blown away. As far as Robin knew, Alzheimer's disease was not one of her mother's debilitating conditions, and she had not really experienced her mother in this way before. Robin explained to her mother that she had come out and they had spoken, but her mother began to become agitated by the whole conversation. She honestly had no recollection of Robin coming the previous afternoon. She told Robin to come again and she would sign the will.

So the next day, out Robin went to her mom's house and again there was a long discussion about signing the will, to no avail.

Robin began to get severely worried about her mother's mental health and called her mother's physician that afternoon. Her mother's doctor said he had not encountered this behavior but would look into it during his next visit.

Robin was well on her way to thinking her mother was basically losing her mind, but that night Robin had a dream.

She dreamed that she was sitting in the living room at her mother's house with her mother, but there were three of her mother. They did not all look like her mother, but she knew they were all her mom. And mostly she remembered one of her three moms saying over and over again, "I am your mother, not them."

The next morning when she woke up, Robin immediately called my stepdad, because she now knew that her mother had more than one entity running the show, so to speak.

My stepdad confirmed this and recommended that Robin book a session with me.

As soon as Robin started to talk about the whole thing, I immediately became aware of the different beings around her mom.

I explained to Robin that her mother was not losing her mind. Her mom had what my stepdad and I refer to as having multiple occupancy, meaning there is more than one being in there with her.

This is more common than you would think. When someone has a hard time making decisions and always has to consult the committee in their head, it is because they have multiple entities in there with them making decisions about things. This also contributes certain people behaving one way one time and a completely different way other times. This is because it is not the same being all the time; there are different beings. Schizophrenia and multiple personality disorder are extreme cases of this sort.

I asked Robin if her mom had exhibited subtler forms of this sort of behavior in the past, for instance did her mom seem like different people at different times or did she "forget" about things she was supposed to know about?

Robin hesitantly replied with a "Well, yes, actually."

"As a matter of fact, my brothers and I used to joke about our mother's other personality. Sometimes she was the nicest most considerate person

you could imagine and other times she was like a totally different person. Oh my god, I thought we were just saying that. Oh this is too weird!"

I laughed and Robin just sat on the other end of the line a bit stunned.

The she asked "How does this happen?"

I told her it was not actually that unusual and it can occur when someone decides at some point that they don't want to live any more, for example. In essence they put a "for rent sign" out on their body and another being can come on board. And if the original occupant doesn't really notice what has happened, he or she can just stay on as if nothing has changed. But in actuality, there is another being participating in their life now, making decisions and dealing with people.

It can also happen when someone has a big accident or surgery or some other kind of trauma to the body. This can allow another being to walk in. It usually occurs when someone has decided they need help with their life or they cannot do something on their own. They will bring in another being, consciously or unconsciously, to help with things. But if someone is unconscious about it, they can end up letting the other being or beings run the show and everything can get a bit jumbled-up.

I then explained that the mix-up with the will was quite an honest one. Her mom really did not have any recollection of having the conversation with Robin about the will because there was another entity running that part of her consciousness or life. Next time she went to her mother's house to get the will signed, she had to ask for the entity that was actually going to sign the will to be present. All she had to do was ask in her head, not out loud. Nothing fancy, just a simple request. That way she would be able to get what she was after.

Robin asked if there was some way to clear the other entity from her mom.

I told her yes, you can clear entities, but if the person has some sort of commitment to the entity, they will tend not to let the entity go, especially if they feel the entity is doing them a service or keeping them company in some way. And this was the case with her mother and her entity. Robin's

mom apparently had an entity that dealt with her finances. I know this sounds a bit bizarre, but that is what was happening. All her mom had to do was decide at some point for whatever reason that she didn't like dealing with money or she was incapable of doing it or something like this and voila! another being could do it.

We ended the session with Robin a bit stunned but ready to try out her new information.

She reported back to me a few days later that indeed she went to her mother's house, asked for the entities that had agreed to sign the will, and lo and behold, her mother signed the will.

So there is a little tip for you. When you are dealing with someone that is very difficult, ask for the being that will give you what you want to be most present. Weird but true.

At the Country Club

The Sunshine Coast of Eastern Australia is a stunning part of the world with golden beaches stretching for miles and a clean, largely unspoiled hinterland. I have spent quite a bit of time there over the years and one particular evening, I went with some friends to a party at a country club and a golf course near a road called Murdering Creek Road. I'm not kidding, it is really called that. You can imagine how it got its name with all the Aboriginals and good old Brits. (No offense, England, but you know what you did.)

When we arrived at the party, the sun was just setting and there was a soft warm breeze blowing. Everyone was happy to see each other and the festivities were under way.

I began to have a great time like everyone else, but as the night went on I gradually became more and more upset and almost paranoid. I could not figure out what was really bothering me. I began to feel like everyone was against me and I just had to get out of there. I began feeling like I was going to start crying whenever anyone spoke to me, and without having a solution to my mood, I decided to leave.

As I was making my way to the door two girls who were acquaintances of mine walked by me, and with jovial fake aboriginal accents, asked me if I wanted to join them outside for a cigarette.

I didn't want to smoke, but I felt completely compelled to go with them. So we went to the far side of the parking lot and sat in the night's shade of a tall eucalyptus tree. The girls continued joking around with each other in thick aboriginal accents, and they began to realize I was looking at them dumbfounded. They thought I was offended by their play, but that wasn't it at all. As they were joking, I finally realized what was going on with my mood. There were literally thousands of Aboriginal spirits standing around that country club. I am not quite sure why it took me so long to cognitively

notice. As soon as I noticed there were so many standing before me, I could hardly see the end of them.

Needless to say they were none too happy, which was a big part of my bad mood. From that evening on, I could consciously identify when I was dealing with large groups of disembodied beings due to that mood. That specific paranoid, grumpy mood was my canary in the coalmine, so to speak. It always indicated to me when there was something I needed to be more aware of. If I was feeling that specific way, I'd know that I was dealing with a large group of entities. I'm not sure why that specific mood was and is the indication that I am dealing with a huge number of ghosts, but it is. I just learn to recognize the signs so I can see better where I am going.

As soon as I acknowledged all the beings who were standing around me, trying to get me to notice them in every way they could, I simply told them they could all go. And instantaneously my mood changed. I became clear and happy, as if a heavy cloud had been lifted from me.

As soon as I recognized what I was dealing with and was able to give it a simple clearing, the energy shifted completely. I love it when I am able to hit the nail on the head like this. And it is amazing how almost impossibly easy it can be to address these sorts of things. All we need is awareness and the tools to change what is.

Visited by an Old Family Friend

Mary Wernicke, an old family friend, was a big part of my life from an early age. She was like a grandmother to me. She died of old age after spending the last couple of years of her life in Gary's house. I helped care for her almost to the end of her life. Since she was in a lot of pain for a long time, it was a relief for Mary and our whole family when she passed on.

One morning, shortly after Mary's death, I was in bed alone in my house. The house had old wooden floors that would creek and crack on a regular basis. I became familiar with the particular noise it would make when an entity was in the house. I heard someone moving around in the living room and went into a bit of shock. I was mostly comfortable with entities in my life by this point, but every now and then, a spirit could send a shock of fright through me. It would have to be a powerful spirit who would demand nothing less than my full attention.

Following the advice I had given countless others, I forced myself to push down my barriers to the entity. Lo and behold, Mary's spirit popped her head in the door to my bedroom. A moment later, she was sitting on the bed and putting her hand over mine. She asked me how I was and flowed the most caring energy towards me. She gave me the sense that I was totally cared for and acknowledged. She had just gone through a long, drawn out death, and she had come to see me and to ask how I was! That was the kind of person Mary was in life, and in the afterlife. She thanked me for taking care of her before her passing. She said she was going to leave this plane now, meaning she would be leaving this reality or the world as we know it. She just wanted to say goodbye one last time.

It was the sweetest exchange of energy, full of gratitude, caring and expansion, and then she left as quickly as she had come. The whole visit lasted about two minutes. I know now that if I had resisted her, based on my

fear, it would have done her an injustice and made her process of leaving more difficult. She would have had to try harder and harder just to get through to me, to thank me and say good-bye.

The other side of resisting is holding someone who is leaving too close. If we hold onto a person and don't want them to go, it will make it harder for the person transitioning to find their way clearly to the other side due to the interference of all of our thoughts, emotions and feelings.

How Entities Can Help Us

During the Great Depression, when many people were living in extreme poverty, there were a few who utilized the economic situation to their own benefit and subsequently made money. In a landscape where everyone saw economic devastation, people who were willing to take a different point of view saw possibilities.

In a similar way, people who are willing to take a different point of view about death open themselves up to information available beyond what we currently believe is real and correct in this reality. They can utilize the information entities give them to create something greater than people who are unwilling to perceive these realities.

I once lived in an apartment with some really noisy upstairs neighbors. They would play loud music until all hours of the night. I had already done the usual thing of asking them repeatedly to turn the music down, but they didn't, and they really didn't want to. One night I was lying in bed and I thought I would give this entity stuff a shot. I asked if all the entities in the apartment upstairs could please turn the music off. Right at that moment—boom!—the music went off and didn't turn back on the rest of the night.

Of course, at first I thought this was "just a coincidence." The next night the music was pumping again, so I thought I'd ask my entity friends for help. Just like the night before, the music went off immediately! This went on for weeks until the electrical system in my neighbor's apartment had to be repaired. This realization blew my mind, (I'm not sure what blew the electrical system), and but it reinforced my awareness that these ghosts are far from a dream, and; they are actually a reality that exists in the world we share.

I have since tried to achieve this sort of spectacular result by asking the entities for help with many other things; sometimes it works and other times not. What I want is what I want, but my request will not always be honored

or answered immediately. Sometimes there are other forces at work that require something different than what I "want." The more invested I am in something, the less likely it is going to work out the way I want. The greatest magic usually occurs when I get out of my own way. When we are willing to ask for help and do so without an emotional/energetic investment about how it will turn out, this is when we usually receive the most.

Another cool example of how entities can help us is shown in the movie The Sixth Sense starring Bruce Willis. In the movie, a young boy has the ability to see the ghosts of people who have died, in most cases, gruesome deaths. Of course, these are presented in Hollywood dramatization with lots of scary music.

At the beginning of the movie we meet Bruce Willis' character, who is a child psychologist, and a young boy. We soon learn that this boy has an amazing ability to see "dead people," and for the most part, is very traumatized by it. So good old Bruce starts working away to figure out how to help the kid. Of course, at first he doesn't believe the kid is seeing "dead people," but eventually he begins to realize the kid is truly seeing them. Bruce, in his infinite wisdom, starts encouraging the boy to speak to the spirits and find out what they want. As soon as the boy starts consciously assisting them, the boy's life changes for the better. This allows him to find some peace and to assist the entities. In the end, we find out that the character played by Bruce Willis is, in fact, an entity. If the boy hadn't been willing to listen to entities, he would have missed the assistance this one could give him.

Hopefully, by now, you are recognizing the pattern of what I am emphasizing. These ghosts are nothing to be afraid of. Your awareness of these entities is a source from which you can enrich your life and the lives of those around you.

What would it be like to embrace the potency of perceiving beyond our five senses, and reach into a field of infinite potential energy?

Most people who consult me for a session have two questions, "Do I have entities?" and "What do they say?"

Finding out whether you have entities and discovering what they have to say can be very important, and it is also a very small slice of a very large pie.

Communicating with entities and hearing what they have to say, for example getting specific messages, can be very comforting and important, but in my opinion, it is also a small part of what is possible. People tend to completely negate all the other energy coming through from entities because it does not fit into what they have decided the world needs to look like. People can miss so much by expecting their communications with entities to be like conversations with embodied people. Communicating with entities requires a completely different muscle than the one you use when you are speaking and relating with people. You cannot bend forward with the muscles your body uses to bend backwards. You cannot communicate with entities using the same muscles you use when you talk with other people.

This is a huge reason why people get so frustrated when they are "trying" to talk to the entities. They think they are not able to do it, but the reality is they are just trying to lift a barbell with their ear lobe. It would work a lot better if they used their hands.

Communicating and interacting with entities is a much more spacious and energetic thing than communicating with people. This is why communicating with entities can give you access to so much space and freedom. Opening up to that space can be very therapeutic and healing. It can be that for those of us on this side and those on the other side as well. Sometimes it is not about the specific message an entity brings but the energy they have to give.

It's more like receiving the wind blowing all around you rather than trying to understand what the wind meant by blowing on you.

The larger part of the pie is the willingness to receive everything the entities have to offer. It's much like receiving what nature or the wind has to offer. Nature does not have cognitive thoughts or rational ideas to offer us. Nature gives us a sense of peace and space, a sense of healing and freedom. A lot of entities could be this for us as well if we were open to receiving it.

Entities offer us the opportunity to see beyond what we think is real. They assist us to develop our psychic muscles. They make us question our realities and perceive in ways we are not accustomed to.

One of the huge blocks with receiving from entities is the widely shared fear about them. It is my opinion that the widespread fear of entities is basically brainwashing. I know the term brainwashing can sound very extreme and unpleasant, but that is basically what we are dealing with. People are not even sure why they are afraid of entities; they just know they are.

The brainwashing comes from movies, TV, other media, family members, friends and religion. If you believe what you see in scary movies about entities, do you also believe in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny? Do you get my point?

The only problem with entities is due to the unconsciousness that people project on the whole situation. Become more conscious and the entities will follow.

If you truly wish to be more aware, communicating with entities is an excellent way to achieve this. Communicating with entities is like any other exercise. If you are out of shape, it can be uncomfortable and difficult at first, but the more you do it, the easier it gets. It will be a greater and greater contribution to your life, like any other health-enhancing exercise.

If someone in your life dies and they feel unresolved with you, there is a chance that they will come to you and try to resolve the situation. If you ignore them or refuse to perceive them, it will not make them go away. It will only make them have to work harder to get through to you, no matter how many lifetimes it takes.

Perceiving, receiving, communicating and being with entities can be as easy as the wind blowing through your hair or diving into water. It does not require effort. Well, maybe diving into water requires some effort, but as soon as you learn to swim, it is not something you think about; you just do it. What if having the spirit world as part of your reality and your life was as easy as doing the breaststroke? And what could it add to your life that you have never even realized?

The Entity That Caused Cancer

Christine, a lovely, slightly plump forty-two-year-old woman came to see me about her mother. She said she had heard of me and was curious. She did not appear to be nervous or upset despite having recently been diagnosed with breast cancer, the same disease that had killed her mother only a year earlier.

From the moment Christine sat on the couch, I perceived her mother very strongly all around her. Christine looked a lot like her mother but younger and happier.

She thought her mother was around her but wanted validation, and I confirmed that she was. Her mother was not only around but was desperately trying to communicate with her daughter.

When an entity wants to talk to you and you don't listen or can't listen or don't know that you are listening, the entity will become more and more invasive to try and get your attention.

Entities' invasiveness can show up in a number of ways. They can make you have headaches, backaches, coughs, itches, chills, stress, sudden emotions and sicknesses. You name it; it can show up that way.

For Christine it was showing up as the same breast cancer her mother had died of. Christine's mother was trying so desperately to get through to Christine, that by her very proximity, she was causing her daughter to duplicate her vibration in much the way that hitting a turning fork creates a vibration that causes another one near it to vibrate at the same rate. In oneness we perceive, know, be and receive everything, from peoples' thoughts and feelings to entities' thoughts and feelings, whether we are aware of it or not. If you stand next to someone in line at the grocery store who is angry or sad, you can suddenly feel angry or sad and assume those are your feelings. Instead of asking whom those feelings belong to, you

assume they are yours. We are affected and we affect everything and everyone with our energy.

I am telling this story so you can start to see what a dynamic impact entities have, even if they don't have a body. This is even scientifically proven, if that makes any difference to you. Even as you read these words, your body is reacting to what you are reading in the form of energetic frequencies and chemical production. You (whoever "you" are) affect your body, other peoples' bodies, the couch you are sitting on, the tree you are looking at, the earth and the whole universe with your thoughts and feelings. This may be a newsflash to you if you have lived your whole life thinking you are only a little old human with no power or ability.

If everyone were to become conscious about the way they create and affect things what would the world be like?

When you are upset, you not only destroy your body, but also the earth. Hopefully this will make you think twice about being unhappy or angry. I know there are lots of reasons and justifications for these feelings, but are they really worth destroying the planet?

On the flip side, if you admire and have gratitude for someone or something, it will grow stronger and feel better.

The power is yours. If you are not well, you want to look at the thoughts you are having and the choices you are making—or the choices others around you might be making that you may be picking up and crystallizing in your body.

Christine was doing this very thing. She was duplicating the energies her mother had used to give her own body cancer.

I pointed this out to Christine who sat there dumbfounded as this new reality unraveled her picture of the world.

I then proceeded to tell her how she could undo all of it if she chose.

I began by instructing her to ask her mother to stand a bit farther away from her body. When we don't listen to the spirits they tend to get closer and closer, as if that will help us hear them. It's like yelling at a deaf person;

no matter how loud you are, they still won't hear you. So you have to find a different way to communicate, with sign language or the written word. If you're having a hard time communicating with the entities that you know are trying to get through to you, find a different way to listen. Try listening, not with your ears, but with your awareness.

As soon as her mother's spirit stepped away from Christine's, body, Christine felt instantly better, as you might imagine. It also gave Christine a choice in the matter, which gave her a greater sense of power.

With the space that she created, Christine could sense her mother more clearly. She began to give herself permission to have the reality that her mother was present with her. I encouraged her to have her own communication with her mother instead of relying on me for all the answers. Being used as an Ouija board or a fortune teller was always one of my pet peeves. I always try to guide and teach people how to communicate with dead people themselves so they leave with their own tools, and not just an experience. Christine was very adept at this; she was able to hear and perceive her mother better than she had ever imagined possible.

I asked Christine if it was real to her that the breast cancer showing up in her body could actually be her mother's. Although this was a big leap for her to make, she saw that yes, this could be true.

Through my encouragement, Christine began to get a real sense of how needy her mother was and how much she was putting on Christine. This was an epiphany for her, because she had been feeling so worn out and tired since her mother's death. This new realization felt like a huge lightening up.

From her new awareness she was able to make a simple request for her mother to please stop. With that her mother realized what she was doing. Believe it or not, her mother had no awareness of the impact she was having on her daughter. Just because she was a ghost doesn't mean she was smarter or more aware than us. Christine and her mother were both getting something out of this session.

I asked Christine if she wanted her mother to stay or go. Regardless of Christine's awareness, her desire for her mother's presence would hold sway over her mother. Christine realized she had been unconsciously

hoping her mother would not leave her. I asked her mother if she desired to move on, and she didn't seem to know that she could move on or where to go. I informed them both that she did not necessarily need to move on, but it was a choice that might change a lot for both of them, and when they were ready, they could make that choice.

I showed Christine's mother the space where I have seen other entities go. Towards the light, so to speak. Somehow she had missed it all together.

Instead of the session creating a conclusion, it ended by opening up new possibilities. Christine and her mother's spirit left a bit blown away and shaken.

Christine phoned me a few days later and informed me that she and her mother had found their peace together and her mother had left. I could tell that it was hard for Christine to think of her mother being gone, but she was also incredibly relieved to have her space and her body to herself.

I asked her if she would please get another check up from the doctor before she started the chemotherapy treatment for "her" breast cancer. She agreed, but still laughed at the possibility of the cancer just disappearing.

Lo and behold, she went in for her checkup and voila! The cancer was gone; I kid you not.

The moral to this story: If you have a problem, ask whom it belongs to, because it may not even be yours.

A Haunted House in Sweden

I was in Perth, Australia, in 2005 giving a workshop on consciousness and entities.

I love working in Australia. I find the people there really open-minded and easy to present to. The Australians are renowned for being easy-going and free spirited. The national motto is “No worries.”

A great example of this occurred when I was flying into Sydney for the first time. The plane hit an air pocket and dropped twenty feet. All the Americans on the plane cried out in terror, and all the Australians let out a big “WOOO-HOOO!” I thought, “Wow, I’m from the wrong country.” Perth is a great out-of-the-way place, the most isolated city in the world. Every day feels like a Sunday.

I had lots of Aussies in the class as well as a lovely Swedish couple, Birgitta and Peter.

Birgitta raised her hand and asked me about her family home in the south of Sweden, which her mother still owned and was trying to sell. For some reason she couldn’t understand, no one was interested in buying it, even though it was a very desirable property.

The moment I tuned into the house, I could tell it was very haunted. Sometimes the reason why some houses or properties won’t sell, even when they are priced under market value and a great buy, is because they are haunted.

Have you ever seen a storefront that keeps turning over occupants? No matter what occupant is there, they keep going out of business. That’s oftentimes because the place is haunted and the entity haunting the place is pushing the tenants out.

Birgitta’s house had been in the family since the turn of the century and no one had lived in it for a while. I asked the class if they would like to

learn how to clear a haunted house remotely and everyone was very interested. I started showing how this was done, but amazingly, I was getting nowhere with clearing the house. I am usually very successful at clearing entities at a distance, but not with this place. I couldn't figure out why. I jokingly told Birgitta that I would have to go to the place to handle this one.

Next thing you know, two weeks later, I was stepping off a plane in Copenhagen, Denmark, and walking through the airport lobby past a glittering display of duty free goods. I handed the immigration official my passport and told him that I was visiting friends. I did not mention that some of these friends of mine were dead. From the airport, I stepped right onto a train that whisked me across the sound that separates Denmark and Sweden. Bright-eyed, Birgitta picked me up at the first stop. We drove to the outskirts of Malmö, through open fields lined with trees newly green from spring, to the small town where her family's home was located.

Although we had an agenda to clear the house of entities, I had to approach this task with no expectation of what the outcome would look like. Would all the entities in the house be willing to go? Would the house sell after the clearing? And of course would Birgitta get what she wanted out of our time together?

Although Birgitta desired to clear the house entirely of entities, I knew there was no way I could guarantee that this would happen. Just because *we* wanted the entities to leave the house that does not mean that's what *they* wanted. We could run into an entity, for example, with a commitment to guard the house that it was not willing to give up. Sometimes entities can be talked out of holding onto these jobs they have committed to, sometimes they can't. Usually with enough consciousness, something can be worked out.

The house was on a small lane, surrounded by other houses. Like many older, uninhabited houses, it felt sad, as if the house itself were lonely. In addition to the main house, there was a stone barn with a concrete floor and three rooms above it. The barn, which had been used for processing honey from Birgitta's grandmother's bees, first attracted my attention.

I instantly knew someone had died in the barn. While the spirit of the person who had died there was no longer in the barn, I could tell a death had occurred there. The barn remembered the event and let me know as if it were sending a telegram that I received in my head. Then I thought, "Is someone buried underneath this barn as well?"

Birgitta was reluctant to tell me the story about the barn, because she was afraid it would freak me out. I told her it didn't matter whether she told me the story or not, as I could perceive the whole event playing out before me. Is that a blessing or a curse? I'm not sure.

What I perceived was blood and anger. I'm sure I was sub-consciously blocking out a lot of other details. I have a way of letting through just enough so I can have information, but not so much that I get freaked out. Sometimes seeing people's deaths and feeling their feelings in the process is TMI (too much information).

Apparently Birgitta's mother and aunt had been in the honey business back in the day and used the barn for production purposes. They had borrowed a big piece of equipment from a woman, a fellow honey maker in the village. This woman showed up at the barn one day impatiently demanding her equipment back. The equipment was big and heavy and kept in the upper story of the barn. None of the men in the family were home at that time of day, and Birgitta's mother tried to persuade the woman to wait until someone stronger was home who could move the equipment down the steep stairs. The woman disagreed and insisted that the three of them could carry it down. While the three women attempted to move the big heavy equipment on their own, this pushy woman slipped down the stairs, cracked her head open on the cement floor and bled to death. Her spirit was long gone; the consciousness of the building was giving me all the information, not the spirit of the woman. Seeing that there was no entity to clear from this event, we moved on to the house.

We started in the foyer, a small room with a coat rack and a sitting room on either side. I began to show Birgitta how to use the tools for detecting where entities were, clearing them and knowing when they left. She was excited at the prospect of seeing entities and being able to clear them. I asked her to trust her first instinct and we went from there.

She pointed to the left side of the room, and I validated that indeed, there was a being standing there. I instructed her to use the simple clearing questions, and poof! The being was gone. In this case, it wasn't even necessary to talk to the entity or ask any questions. As soon as we acknowledged its presence and used some simple tools, it left.

In great excitement about being able to perceive when the being left, Birgitta and I moved on to the next entity in the foyer. We cleared several entities in the foyer alone, which was quite a small room, and then moved on to the rest of the house.

As we came into the first living room, I recognized an entity stronger than those we had encountered in the foyer. Her presence was more palpable. I knew it would provide something interesting for us to work with, but I let Birgitta begin her analysis of the room before I mentioned anything. I asked Birgitta where she would like to start and she pointed instantly to the large overstuffed chair where the entity sat. The entity was a young, blonde girl who appeared to be seven or eight years old. She was wearing a short white dress that would have been fashionable in the 1930's. She was cheery and also expressed a concern, but I could not discern what the concern was.

Birgitta and I began by simply trying to clear her, but to no avail. I asked the spirit of the girl if she would like to stay or if she would like to leave the house, and she informed me that she would indeed like to leave but she was not permitted to do so. I explained what I was getting to Birgitta and she said, "That is so odd." She took me into the next room where there was an old photograph of this young girl in the 30's. Then Birgitta rummaged around in a drawer and produced another photo of the girl in a casket in the living room of the house. The girl was Birgitta's little cousin two or three times removed. She had died young of a fever and her wake had been held in the house. This explained to me why she was here but not why she was not free to leave.

Because nothing I did cleared this being, we left her as she was and moved on into the dining room. I asked Birgitta where she wanted to start in this room, and she pointed instantly to a large mahogany china cabinet in the corner. We used the usual entity-clearing questions, but the energy around this piece of furniture did not change or move. We had to investigate

even further and as I suspected, it was a portal. I discussed this with Birgitta and together we asked, “Is this a portal?” Both of us got a “yes.”

Side Note: If you have not thought this book was weird thus far, it is about to be.

Portals are doorways or windows through which entities move in and out of this reality or dimension. If you do not believe in multiple dimensionalities, science has proved it to be so, so believe it. A person, place or thing can be a portal, like the wardrobe, in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* from *The Chronicles of Narnia.*

Closing portals is usually very easy, and it can create major shifts in people’s lives as well as their living spaces. Usually you just ask the portal to close and it does. Portals can also have an enforcer or governing entity holding them open. If, however, there is one or more of these enforcers or governing entities holding the portal open, you will not be able to shut it until the entity or entities are removed.

In this case we tried to close the portal in the cabinet and it would not close. It took me only a moment to connect the dots. The spirit of the young, blonde girl in the other room was the governing entity for this portal. I asked the girl if she wanted to keep this job and she replied, “No.” All I had to do was tell her she had done a good job and that she was free to go now, and poof! she was gone and so was the portal.

It is interesting how, if you are willing to see things that are “out of the box,” you can create so much change with little to no effort.

Just look at how much effort people can put in to changing certain areas of their lives, like their relationships, body and money situation, when all along it could be entities who are causing the problem.

From the dining room, we moved to the kitchen, where energy was shooting every which way. There was a door to the backyard, a door to the pantry, and two doors leading to other large rooms that were used for company and special occasions; the kitchen was where the family had spent most of their time. The energy of all that family activity was still in the kitchen. It felt as busy as a New York City subway station. I felt the energy

of a little old lady, but I did not mention this to Birgitta. I was waiting to see if she would pick it up on her own.

“Where do you want to start in this room?” I asked.

We cleared a few different energies, and then she saw something that would change her life forever. Up to this point in her life, Birgitta had not consciously seen an entity. This is true for most people with the exception of the one or two time phenomena where someone will catch a glimpse of a deceased loved one or something like that before they quickly slam the door shut on the entity, either from fear or disbelief.

Birgitta stood there, still as a tree, mouth gaping open, eyes bugged out of her head.

She looked at me as cool as anything and announced that she had just seen her great aunt.

“She did all the cooking for the family’s special occasions. Oh, that makes sense! She’s walking from the pantry to the stove!”

Birgitta was in a bit of shock and kept looking to me to validate that she had really just seen that. I couldn’t do anything except make it as un-weird and reasonable as possible that she was seeing, with her own eyes, a ghost. Although this is an everyday affair for me and I think little to nothing of it, seeing these sorts of things seems to shock the crap out of people. We were making headway, and Birgitta’s awareness and sensitivity were waking up and broadening. She had asked for this—ask and “thy shall receive. “

She was blown away that she could pick up on her great aunt so clearly. I saw an opportunity to blow Birgitta’s awareness open even more, so I recommended they have a conversation.

I explained to Birgitta that entities do not always know they are dead or what they are doing.

I explained that I often alerted the entities to the fact that they were dead and that they had other choices they could make.

So Birgitta’s first question was, “Do you know you are dead?”

Auntie replied, “Of course, dear!”

We then asked, “Then why are you still here?”

“I’m cooking.”

“For whom?”

At that question, there was a bit of a bleep in Auntie’s space. She had not asked this question of herself or even bothered to notice that there was no one to cook for. This sort of thing often happens with people who identify themselves with a particular activity; they don’t seem to notice they have a choice to do something different, so they just keep on doing the same thing after they are dead. How does it get any weirder than that?

It’s strange how people believe that when you die you become more than you were in your life or something like that. This is not true; beings often carry on with their same roles in the after-life without even noticing that things have changed.

Birgitta and I became the vibration that would invite her great aunt to leave, which the aunt eventually decided to do. Becoming a vibration for an entity is different than having a conversation. Talking with living embodied people takes a lot longer. Entities communicate very quickly. They give their communication in one quick download, not in linear sentences like we do with conversation. This is because they do not experience time and space the same way we do. Before you can finish your thought, they are already responding. You can handle large concepts with entities in a flash of a moment; you do not need to take the time with vocabulary. So we invited Birgitta’s aunt to leave with our vibrations—without words, but with the vibration of another possibility.

I find it a lot easier to communicate with entities in this fashion. You can miss a lot if you try and slow it down to a normal conversation.

With an entity you have to be telepathic, which can be very non-linear. Entities give me pictures and feelings all at once. They give the whole download at once, and I have to decipher the story. If you have seen the movie *The Matrix,* you will understand better what downloading is. It’s where you receive a rush of information instantly. Have you ever had a rush

or jolt or shiver of energy go through you at any old random time? That's like a download. It comes and goes really quickly. With entities I have learned to slow down the flow and catch it, in a manner of speaking, so I can relay the information. In order to do this you have to make sure you stay alert and aware. At times their communication can be very subtle, and at others it can be quite detailed or intense.

In order to truly receive communications from entities, you must first and foremost trust yourself. Trusting that you are not making it up or crazy plays a huge part in all of this.

After we felt satisfied with the kitchen, Birgitta and I moved through the rest of the house, clearing many more entities. By the end of our tour, our heads were spinning from the lightness and space we had created in the formerly overpopulated house. When we returned to the barn to check for entities, we discovered that all the entities that had been there when we arrived had already disappeared. We had created so much motion and energy in the house by clearing all the entities that the beings in the barn had left simultaneously.

Clearing a house can be easy or it can be a lot of work, but it's always an educational experience. I am always blown away at the uniqueness of every situation. There is not one way to clear entities, at least not that I have found yet, and there are so many strange things out there that I would never have access to seeing them if it were not for the entities. Whoever said magic wasn't real was a complete moron.

Helping My Sister on a Spooky Night

In our family, we refer jokingly to my younger sister, Grace, as "Marilyn Munster." We laugh about the way the rest of us are so…freakish, while Grace is so normal. She is kind, polite and lovely. She was even born with blonde hair while the rest of us have dark, almost black hair. She is the youngest of four siblings and has always been the glue that holds us all together.

Grace has always seemed to be able to project or appear to be "normal" whilst believing in very out-there, strange stuff like ghosts and consciousness and that sort of thing. She has always believed in it but never really bothered to speak openly about it. She left that to her more outspoken siblings and parents, who would speak to anyone that would listen about the strange stuff we saw going on in the universe. Grace preferred to sweetly smile and let people come to their own awareness and conclusions about whatever not very politically correct topic was was being discussed.

But there came a moment where Grace could no longer avoid looking at and dealing with some of the weird stuff her big sister dealt with.

It was two o'clock one summer morning and I was in San Francisco when I awoke to a text message from Grace, who was in Santa Barbara.

"Shannon, when are you coming home?" she asked. "I'm scared to sleep here in the house all alone." Gary was away, and I knew from personal experience that his house, which is near the old Spanish Mission in Santa Barbara, could be quite active with spirits.

A lot of the Indians and Spaniards who built the mission in 1786 are buried throughout the property that's right next to his house.

Plus, the spirits seem to be attracted to Gary, who has no point of view about cohabitating with them.

A few years ago I slept in the house and was nearly overwhelmed by the number of visitations I experienced. There was a constant stream of entities flowing through the room, not to mention one very present fellow standing by the bed who would not stop talking. The next morning, I said to Gary, "How do you sleep in this house? There are so many entities!"

He said, "And your point is?"

"Don't they bother you?"

"No, I don't make them significant."

That was a new way of looking at things for me.

When I heard from Grace that she couldn't sleep, I definitely knew what she was experiencing; I knew it was not her imagination. I called her the next morning to get a report on her nocturnal adventures and to see if I could assist her. She told me she had awakened in terror and night sweats. Unable to reach anyone by telephone, she kept herself up with the television until six a.m. Once it started to become light, she found she could sleep.

I began by asking her if the things she was experiencing had to do with entities. I knew it did, and she knew it did, but asking the question got her to acknowledge it out loud. I asked her if she would like me to show her how to deal with them.

"Yes," she said, not really sure she wanted to agree to this, but also aware that after such a night there was no way around it. I also knew that this was an opportunity to assist her in learning how to deal with entities.

I asked her to sit down and tune into the energy. By doing this she was simply saying yes to the spirits so the energy could flow freely between them. Tuning in is kind of like when you are at the beach or in the mountains and really feeling the vibe. You let the space affect you and sock it in. Just being present with something that cannot speak to you with words and feeling the vibe can be a good start.

"Okay, now, what do you perceive?"

"I feel dizzy."

“Good,” I said. “Keep going with that. Just stay present.”

The dizziness was because she was pulling down her barriers to the entities. Staying present with the dizziness would bring down the barriers to what she had been resisting in the night. We were basically opening the door to awareness so it could come through.

She, like most people, consciously or unconsciously put up a big barrier to the entities as soon as they showed up. Her dizziness was the result of more space opening up as the barriers came down. Consciousness feels spacey and it can also make you feel lightheaded or dizzy. Most people think this is a bad thing, but it isn’t.

Now mind you, when I asked her to tune into whatever she perceived with the spirits, it did not come through in the form of words or pictures. It came through in the form of light-headedness. This feeling or awareness of light-headedness was the entities communicating with her.

A lot of the work I do with people and entities is non-verbal. Just by looking at a particular energy or being aware of a particular entity, it will start to change. This requires, from all parties involved, the willingness to be very aware and acknowledge some very subtle stuff.

So first we were just present with what was, so it could show us how to proceed with it.

Asking her these first few questions, allowed us both to open up to the energy that was being presented by these spirits.

To most people, this fluctuation of energy is so subtle that it is easily missed, but through regular practice one can develop an acute sensitivity to the rhythm and motion of energy. With this sensitivity, telepathic and psychic communications can be more easily identified and received, especially with entities.

“Cool!” I said to her. “That was your first thorough communication with an entity. It might not mean you got words or thoughts, but it was still an energetic communication.”

She asked, “Was that all they needed?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow, that was a lot easier than I thought.”

In this case Grace, was communicating with the spirits without words and certainly without her mind.

I have found that communication with embodied beings and disembodied beings is about 10% verbal and 90% non-verbal.

Everyone always thinks they can’t communicate with entities because they can’t “hear” them or “see” them. This way of thinking dulls down and limits what can show up. If you acknowledge the energy and the awareness that show up and do not make logical sense or are difficult to define, then understanding entities’ communication becomes a lot easier.

“How many more entities are there for you to deal with?” I asked my sister.

I felt her hesitate. I asked, “Will you destroy and uncreate all the points of view you have that this can’t be happening and you can’t really do it?”

“Yes,” she said.

I asked again, “Now, how many more entities are there for you to deal with?”

“Lots!”

“Do they want to talk to you or someone else?”

“Someone else.”

I said, “Even though the communication they want to have is not for you, they can see that you can hear them. That’s why they’re coming to you. If you receive their information, they will energetically impart or download it to you. You do not have to hear the message to know you got the message. You just have to be aware of the energy.”

“When the embodied person the message is intended for walks by you on the street, drives by you on the freeway, shakes your hand, or passes within a reasonable proximity of you, the energetic communication will flow from

you to them. In this fashion, we become conduits for the movement and exchange of energies."

It is in this way that the ease comes into the equation. As soon as Grace realized how easy it could be, she experienced a great sense of relief. She thought that she was going to have to cognitively figure out what all of the entities were saying. Although this is one of the ways to communicate with entities and everything else, it is not the only way.

I could hear her wondering in her head how this was going to change her life. Seeing the opportunity for more efficiency, I asked, "Can you talk to groups of them all at once?"

"Yes."

"How many can you handle at once?" I asked. "More than ten, or less than ten?"

"Around five or six," she said.

"Cool, let's do five."

I asked her to tune in again and allow five entities to download their information to her at once. I explained that downloading happens when you get your cognitive mind out of the way and allow yourself to receive energetic information and that she might feel anything from a slight shiver to a strong jolt-like frequency move through her body.

Grace began to receive information from the entities, and we both perceived the entities falling off one at a time as they finished giving her their download, until the fifth one was finished. This entire process took only a few moments.

We moved through several more groups. As each group cleared, I felt a kind of swishing energy as they left. We moved to the next group, which cleared equally quickly and easily. There were so many entities there for her because they knew she was available for them in ways that a lot of other people are not. They knew that she could assist them even though she did not wholly understand this herself.

Then we both perceived we were running into something denser. Grace, who had been calm through this process, was becoming panicked and she said so. As I looked into it, I could "see" that we were coming to a being that was there for her specifically. We had run into an entity that had something to say to her.

"Can you hear what he is saying?" I asked.

Putting on my detective's hat, I proceeded to ask questions to give both of us clarity about what needed to happen with this entity. I started with, "Does he want to get a body, or is it something else?"

Grace said, "Get a body."

Instantly her stomach began hurting and he gave us both the picture of him wanting to be her baby.

"Does he want to become your child?" I asked.

"Yes."

I then asked her the obvious question, "Do you want to have a child?"

"No, no and double no" she said.

"Tell him, 'I am not pregnant, nor am I planning to become pregnant any time in the near future. So, if you want to get a body you're going to have to find someone else to create a body for you."

This seemed to have no effect on the entity's intentions. What it indicated to me was that there was some part of this relationship that Grace was creating unconsciously. Perhaps she had made a commitment or promise to this being in another lifetime, something along the lines of "I will take care of you forever" or "I will love you forever" or "I will always be there for you."

I run into this sort of thing all the time. Lots of people have entities hanging around them that they committed to in some way in some lifetime. You know, like in a marriage ceremony when you say, "until death do us part," but if you're an infinite being, do you ever die? For all I know, we

could be in entity form hanging around or haunting someone else in some other dimension because we committed to them in some way.

This entity was there, waiting for her to take care of him like she said she would. The only problem was that Grace had totally forgotten about this obligation and had no interest in fulfilling this promise in the present.

I asked her, "Will you destroy your oaths, vows, swearings, fealties, comealties, bindings, and bonding contracts to this being?"

Any commitment or decision that you have made in any lifetime or reality can be unmade, it is that simple.

"Yes!"

Still the energy did not change!

I asked the entity if he would destroy and uncreate all his oaths, etc.

"Yes," he said, like a shadow in my awareness.

The energy became lighter, indicating this created a shift, but he was still not leaving.

I asked Grace, "Truth, would you be willing to let go of this entity?"

With this question, Grace and I both realized that there was a part of her that wanted to hold onto this being. We both realized that this being had been with her for such a long time that she didn't recognize it as separate from herself. She could not imagine what her life would be like without him, yet with a farewell to an old friend, she set him free.

As this being left, Grace and I, both felt a tremendous lightening up.

She said, "I feel almost sad."

I told her, "I understand, because this entity, which has been a part of you for so long, is now gone."

I told her he would come back if she wanted, and she quickly said, "No!"

In the days that followed our conversation, Grace's whole life changed. She actually went down two dress sizes and said she had never realized it, but there had been a constant ringing in her ears that had gone away.

By facing what was there that she couldn’t believe was there, she was able to change a big area of her life, just like that.

I believe that everyone can have these shifts and changes if they desire them. All it takes is having the courage to face what we may think is scary or highly improbable.

Changing of the Guard

I found myself horseback riding in Gidgegannup, Western Australia with two girlfriends. I had traveled to Perth to participate in an Access class that Gary was facilitating and decided to visit with a good friend who had a horse ranch forty-four kilometers outside of Perth. She invited me to visit her horses and have a ride after the class ended.

On a beautiful, clear, sunny day, my two girlfriends and I drove to Gidgegannup through endless stretches of dry, dirt hills and groves of dusty, green eucalyptus. My friend who owned the horses was a tall, blonde, athletic Australian who lived on a four-acre property with her boyfriend and twelve horses. She introduced me to all the horses and then her boyfriend, in that order. I was going to ride a beautiful Dutch Warm Blood named Lincoln. Lincoln was chestnut, handsome and tall, with good manners. He was the biggest horse on the ranch, but my friend assured me he had the gentlest heart. My third amigo was an old friend of mine from New Zealand who I had known for years and years. We were enjoying our annual visit with one another for the few days we had together before we each voyaged off into the world again.

It was so hot I was wearing board shorts and flip-flops, the perfect horseback riding attire—not. My friend lent me her extra half chaps. I pulled those on to protect my legs and borrowed some shoes. I looked awesome. Then I slung my arms across the saddle, and pulled myself onto Lincoln.

We decided to ride around several of the large fenced-in pasture areas of the ranch to get acquainted with our horses. We set off at a leisurely walk, chatting about our lives and giggling about nothing in particular, happy to be alive. Time passed and the sun moved higher in the sky. We couldn’t have been more content.

We decided to take the horses into a trot to see how it felt, as we had done hundreds of times before. That is the last thing I remembered before I woke up, spread-eagle on my back, in the dirt, staring at the vast, blue, cloudless sky.

There was no sense of knowing anything about what had just occurred. All I could feel was the throbbing in my head or what I thought was throbbing, but I really wasn't thinking or perceiving in a normal way that can be understood by someone who has never been knocked unconscious.

I had no sense of the reality I was in at all, and the journey back to this reality was all at once painful and what could best be described as ecstatic. I could sense that my girlfriend was very upset about something, because she was sitting at my head, crying. I found out later that she was afraid I was dead or on my way there. I have no doubt that it was her plea for me to return to my body that brought me back from my space travels. After I fully recovered in the weeks that followed, I recalled being outside of my body and seeing two paths before me. One was back to here and the other…?

I noticed that the intensity of my friends' feelings was hurting me so I asked them to calm down. It literally felt like their worry was smashing my head in. They did their best to relax under the circumstances, and the three of us sat in the pasture for a long time as I tried to re-calculate my coordinates in life.

I asked them later what it was like when I was coming back to consciousness. They both told me they were really scared. They informed me that I kept asking the same question over and over again, "Where do I live?" They told me I asked them this over twenty times. They informed me again and again that I lived in California and was in Australia doing Access classes. Then I asked them, "What's Access?" Amnesia is a wondrous and mysterious thing.

I remember looking at the eucalyptus all around us and thinking, "What strange trees, what a strange place this is."

I knew I had tools to help me when things weren't going well, but I couldn't remember what they were, or for that matter, even why I would use them. By this point, my friend's boyfriend had joined us in the pasture.

Then I remembered horses had been with us. I asked where the horses had gone. He told me he had put them away, which indicated I had been unconscious for a while. He squatted down in the dirt with us and chuckled at me; this lightened the mood considerably. He spoke to the wind and told me I looked like a coal miner. The whole right side of my face was smeared with dirt and mud, which I couldn't feel and hadn't noticed. I had so much dirt up my nose that it took me ten minutes to get it out when I took a shower later. We all laughed, and my laughter quickly turned into tears. These were not tears of grief, but the kind of tears you cry when something deep within you has changed and you have just fallen face first off a big horse.

It is difficult for me to describe, and perhaps for others to imagine, how profound this experience was. I was like a newborn baby tripping on acid. As I started to gain more and more consciousness, I began to have an intense awareness of my friend's feelings. I almost couldn't stand how intense this was. How had I missed this in her before? Was I really so unaware?

I felt like I was being burned by her thoughts, like she was blaring out at me in an unbearable frequency. All I could do was try to block out the information, but whatever I had used to block out this kind of awareness in the past was gone. I could hardly stand looking at my blonde friend, for she appeared so sad that I thought looking at her would kill me. Of course she was concerned about me, and those feelings were very apparent, but I could not put two and two together—that she was upset because I had been hurt. I could feel her upset like a hammer in my face. And then there were all the feelings she had ever felt; they were all playing out before me in unbearable clarity.

And at the same time I perceived all of these tribulations, I was experiencing the deepest most expanded peace I had ever felt. It's amazing what the brain is capable of when jolted in the right way.

I was blown away with the awareness of how much we don't pay attention to. I realized after the whole incident when I was fully recovered, that the way I perceived was the way a newborn baby perceives the world. I was completely vulnerable and receptive to everyone else's headspace.

In this new world, the ants in the dirt felt as if they were affecting every molecule of my existence and the open blue sky felt like it was cracking open my chest, trying to free my heart from a lifetime of holding everything in and judging myself.

I couldn't look anyone directly in the eye for longer than a fraction of a second for fear of being swallowed up by their feelings. I couldn't form a cohesive thought or sentence.

They kept asking me what I wanted to do, and all I could manage was to cry and lie down in the dirt or crawl over to the trees and hug them and cry some more.

As I started to come to, the more I asked my friends why we were all here. Not why we were here at the horse ranch, but why we were here on planet earth in this reality. I couldn't understand why we would choose so much pain. I could feel all at once the vast power and peace of the earth and the scared, miserable, worried, dying breed called the human race. I could see from this place how people go crazy. How was the earth ever going to survive us, how was I ever going to survive this place? And then my attention would be pulled far across to the other side of the pasture as a squirrel scrambled up a tree trunk, and I would marvel at the pure joy of that little creature and cry for the joy that it was.

This was like the best drug I had ever been on, and I was flipping between having the worst trip of my life and the best trip of my life. I had completely left the reality I knew and had been launched into a wonderland of rabbit holes. If I focused or paid attention to one energy or movement in the world around me, I would become completely transported into it as if I could see every facet of its existence. I was no longer disconnected from anything; I could feel everything pulsating with energy—or was that just my head?

I fought the voices of reason as they pulled me back to this place, but nonetheless I slowly came back to "my senses" and I was talked into getting into the shower and then into the car.

I thought several times that this must be what it feels like to be retarded. I did not care if this was how I stayed. I felt freer than I had ever felt, even

though I seemed to be paying the price for not looking and acting normal.

I had not one single scrape or bruise anywhere on the surface of my body.

I had two days to recover before I was scheduled to board a plane and fly five hours to the east coast of Australia. I spent those days in bed, in a concussion coma.

Slowly the world came back into focus, but everything looked so different! I couldn't tell what was different; I just knew it was different. I had no idea when I wanted to eat or what I wanted to eat. I had to figure out, as if for the first time, which hand I used to write. My body took good care of me in those days. It knew what to do, even though I had lost all sense of anything.

Miraculously, I made it to the plane and survived the flight to Brisbane.

One of the things I became aware of was an intense pain in my neck. I asked a friend of mine, Dr. Dain Heer, if he could adjust my neck. Dain is a really good friend of my family and he is an amazing man. He came to Access as a Network chiropractor. He not only adjusts and heals your body, but he has the ability to adjust and heal your being and life as well. He is a miracle worker, as hundreds of people will attest, and I am lucky enough to have him as a close friend. Looking forward to feeling better, I laid down on the table.

Instead of laying his hands on me, Dain just stood there staring at me with his head cocked to one side. He would go to put his hands on my neck and then retract them and stroke his chin.

I could tell he was puzzled, but I had no idea what he was looking at.

Simultaneously we asked each other what was going on.

Dain answered first.

"Umm, you're different?"

I thought, "Duh, yeah," but I asked him what he meant. Then he dropped the bomb.

He said, “Well, you seem really different, I mean totally different, like a new person. Are you a new being?”

I thought he meant this metaphorically and I said yes, I felt like a new person.

But what he meant was I was literally a new person. Had the being that I was, left—and was a new occupant or tenant in this body? This began to sink in through the layers of speculation and disbelief, and all of a sudden, everything started making a lot more sense. I understood why I couldn’t figure out what my body wanted or how to do simple things like brush my teeth. Granted the body remembered most of what was necessary; I just had to relate to the body for the first time. I did truly feel like a newborn with this strange large body.

What Dain was asking seemed almost too incredible to believe, but at the same time, it felt accurate. As soon as this all started sinking in, I perceived Shannon #1, as I like to call her, standing by the table I was lying on. She was looking at me, asking for my permission to leave. Both Dain and I burst into tears. I know some things in this book have been very strange, and this story is no less strange, maybe even a bit stranger than the rest.

I would think I belonged in the loony bin for having the experiences I have described if I had not also experienced and received the most gigantic shifts in my consciousness through them.

I could perceive the being who had previously inhabited this body standing next to me. I could tell she was not me; she felt different than me. She was sadder—but she was also relieved to be going. She informed me she had been waiting for me since this body was fourteen, but as circumstances would have it the time was not right until now. She asked if I would please look after her mother. I found this deeply moving and also quite odd. Was mother not my mother now?

It was like a gigantic weight was being lifted off me yet again. All of a sudden, everything seemed lighter and clearer, as if everything was sparkling and easy.

Tears of gratitude and change were uncontrollable. I told Shannon #1 that yes, she could go and I was ready to take the reins. She had been trying to have this conversation with me since I gained consciousness in the dirt in Gidgegannup, West Australia, I just didn't notice or get what was going on. It helps to have magical, weird friends to help you see the things you are missing.

As soon as Shannon #1 left the room, a ray of light ignited within me. It was like a dark cloud I had never been able to escape from was finally removed from somewhere deep inside of me.

In the weeks after the fall, I and everyone around me experienced a lighter, brighter, kinder, Shannon. Shannon #1 was tormented by demons of a sort, demons that she had taken on in childhood for a multitude of reasons and in the teen years with all the drugs. It was like she was holding a place for me. A place where she would take in and deal with all the insanity and abuse that some can have growing up in this world. The demons left when she left. What remained was me, a being with more openness to more possibilities.

Falling off the horse was the most transformational experience of my whole life to date. Huge areas of seemingly unchangeable personality and behavior were gone. Areas of my life or the previous occupant's life that had been big problems were handled now, and the relief I felt was immense. I joked with Gary for the week after the accident that all people needed to do to change was sustain a head injury and they would wake up different.

He would laugh and say, "Everything you needed to know about life you can learn on the back of a horse." Or falling off the back of the horse, in my case!

Part Three

Learning

"In high school you take Algebra, not Understanding Psychic Energy and Communicating with Entities 101."

~ Shannon O'Hara ~

Transcript from Talk to the Entities Class, Australia 2008

Shannon: This class will be about facilitating you to recognize your own abilities with entities. Entities can be a huge asset to us if we are willing to have that. Please be aware that there are things possible and available here that you may have never considered before.

I would like you to ask questions, because the questions will guide the direction of the class. If you are willing to step into a level of potency with your awareness, we can really have some fun.

The wide arena of entities has forced me to stretch my perceptivity because it is so un-definable. It is so unlike this reality. It does not function with time, it is not linear, and every single entity or energy is completely unique unto itself. Each entity's story and magnetic imprinting are unique; it's always different.

You can never go on autopilot with this. There is no linear order you can use, no formula that always works with entities. It is always different, so the ability and the willingness to look at what is, rather than what you think you should see, can open up some very cool doors.

So what are entities? An entity is an energy that is stuck in an identity, time or place. So when you guys say, "I am so-and-so" or "I am a female" or "I am this many years old" or "I am human," you are creating a definition and identity through which you literally lay down an energetic, magnetic blueprint that will formulate a singular entity that even when your body dies, will exist as the defined you, until you choose something different.

Choice is really the key that most people, embodied and disembodied, don't realize they have.

Question: So are you suggesting that even if your body dies that the entity remains here in this reality unless they make a different choice?

Shannon: Yes, not always, but yes. And that is the thing too, every time your body dies, you are bringing with you a magnetic imprint or blueprint of what you've known, what you have done, what you have been and what you have thought. So you, as an entity still exist, but not with this body that you currently experience.

Question: Do you see entities?

Shannon: Yes.

Question (same participant): What would it take for me to see entities?

Shannon: Do you ever see stuff moving out of the corner of your eye and then there is nothing there?

Participant: Yes.

Shannon: That is an entity. So the beginning steps to seeing and being aware of entities is to acknowledge every time you do it and every time it has happened and you brushed it off with "oh, that was nothing." It's about acknowledging what you do get, even if it doesn't make sense.

Have you ever walked into a room and gone "Ooooo, this is creepy" or "I want to leave right now"? Every time you acknowledge that, your perceptions and abilities get stronger. Every time you ignore, deny, resist or refuse them, they diminish. Other things that get in people's way with perceiving and having relationships with entities are their projections and expectations of entities and of course, their fear.

Fear is a very big topic, and hopefully once people start becoming more educated about what the world of entities really is and stop buying into what they read in books and see in movies, they can start having greater awareness and peace with entities.

You all tend to expect entities to show up a certain way, and it is that expectation that prevents you from being able to actually perceive what is there.

The way for people to start changing their projections, expectations and fears about entities is to destroy and uncreate everything they have bought from others about the subject. Return it all to sender and hopefully when enough of that is done, one will start getting a sense of what their own reality with the whole thing is.

Everywhere that you have decided what entities are supposed to look like and be like, will you destroy and uncreate all that? Change all that, allow it to show up however it wants to show up, not how you expect it to or judge it should be.

So what does seeing entities mean to you guys, because it is the meaning that you have created and bought through time about entities that keep you stuck in particular points of view, hence making it more difficult to see how it is instead of how you "think" it should be.

Reply: I guess entities mean a responsibility, hocus pocus, the ghostly apparition.

Ghosts! Lost souls! Being stuck!

Shannon: Yeah, isn't that interesting? The fact of the matter is entities are just like us! It is about becoming aware of the different energies, so you can receive what is there, not what you "think" is there. What's that going to take? People tend to function from the point of view that entities are big scary beings that are out to get you and they must all be bad. This is simply is not the case.

Question: Do I have entities holding me back in my life?

Shannon: Ha-ha-hah, yeah, people like to blame the entities for lots of stuff. So truth, do you have an entity holding you back in life or do you actually have some being that is aiming to help you with your body?

Reply: Oh wow, well, the question about helping me with my body read more. That's funny, I had never thought of it like that. What's it going to take for me to listen to them?

Shannon: A better question might be, "What's it going to take to receive more?" because receiving more will enable you to get what they are giving.

So what have you been aware of in your body? Right now, and all of you can do this, ask for the entities that are here to facilitate your body and to gift you a sensation that you cannot escape. So, what do you perceive?

Reply: A pressure in my head.

Shannon: So now ask for the entities that are here to facilitate health and consciousness in your body to gift you a sensation that you cannot miss. So what do you notice now?

Reply: It is not a pressure; it feels much lighter! Yeah, wow, it is tingling all through my body.

Shannon: This is the way to start developing your sensitivity to them and their presence. Your body is more willing to be conscious than you are, so it can register information and sensations that can lead you to greater consciousness with ghosts. Your body is a hug receptor for entities. Your body communicates with you all the time to give you information you may be missing about what is going on around you energetically. But most people make the mistake of just saying, "Oh, I'm really hot" or "Oh, my head hurts."

These can be your body's way of telling you there is an entity there. It can also show up in so many other ways like coughing, tingly hands or feet, goose bumps, and so on.

Question: When I go to a funeral, I cry and sob uncontrollably, and it really could be anybody, it doesn't even matter. What is that?

Shannon: How much are you picking up from everyone else that they are not expressing? That would be a classic case of, "Who does this belong to?"

Participant: I would really like to feel or perceive entities, but I don't feel or perceive anything.

Shannon: You have to start acknowledging what you DO perceive and how it shows up for you, like the sensations in your body. Communicating with entities can be very subtle, and it is a matter of developing beyond your five senses. It will show up differently for everyone, so again there is

no one right way. It is about developing your trust in you and the willingness to have it.

It is about stepping out of what you have already decided is real and true and changing the way you perceive and what you are willing to perceive.

Question: So what is all this doubt that is coming up for me?

Shannon: Doubt is always a distracter designed to distract you from what is going on underneath or behind it. Fear is also a distracter. Distracters prevent you from looking at what is real for you. Doubt is never real; you can ask yourself what is underneath the doubt or the fear.

Participant: Yeah, I feel an ability or something that I am not sure I know how to handle.

Shannon: Okay, the distracters prevent you a lot of times from seeing your own potency or abilities. Isn't it funny how we fear our own abilities? Everything is the opposite of what it appears to be and nothing is the opposite of what it appears to be.

If you would be willing, willingness is a huge part of it. If you would be willing to get over the fear and doubt and not buy them as real, you can have access to more of you and more of your abilities. As long as you keep buying into the doubt and fear, you will keep being limited in the area.

One of the things I find so interesting is how people give so much power to these entities. People tend to believe what they see in movies and hear in stories about ghosts. You know, it's funny because entities are just like people; they're just like us. Some are smart, some are not; some are not even aware that they have crossed over.

Question: I know I have locked that ability out. I have closed that part of me off. Is it just a case of choosing?

Shannon: Yes, absolutely. Choice is always first. Then destroying all your decisions, judgments and conclusions can really help get all the stuff out of the way that is making it hard for you.

Also please remember awareness is like a muscle. Every time you invalidate it, ignore it and deny it, it gets weaker. Every time you go, "Oh,

yeah, I did perceive that!" you acknowledge, and in the acknowledgment of it, it gets stronger. You may not cognitively know what you were getting or have a place to understand it, but if you acknowledge that there was or is something happening, then it will start to be easier. And of course, asking it to be easier also helps, instead of continually reinforcing that it is hard and scary.

Question: Sometimes when I am asleep, I will hear someone call my name. It is so clear that I will get up, thinking it is my boyfriend and that I am late for work or something. I will run out of the bedroom and my boyfriend is already gone and no one is there. I swear I heard my name being called so clearly.

Shannon: Was it his voice or did you assume it was his voice?

Reply: No, I assumed it was his voice, but it wasn't. This has happened to me so many times.

Shannon: Does that happen to you in any house you live in?

Reply: I think it has, actually, but I think it has happened mostly at the house we are in now. Once when I was walking out to my car, it felt like someone pinched me on the arm.

Shannon: Yeah, hearing your name being called out is actually more common than you would think. The reason it happens for you in that early morning sleep state is probably because you are more relaxed and receptive at that point in the day than any other. That is when they can get through to you. So when it happens again, you can go ahead and speak with them or it. All you have to do to start is say, "Hi, what's up? Can you (the entities) make this easy on me because I am not getting what you are doing here or saying to me, and I can't perceive you very well right now."

Reply: Thank you.

Question: Can they be attached to a house and want you out of the house?

Shannon: Absolutely, entities, just like us; they take points of viewlike "This is my house, my man, my woman, or my pet." Sometimes you will have this incredible feeling like you need to run away from the house, and

other times you will just get the vibe. Haunted houses are super common. It would not be my first choice to hang around a house for all of eternity after my passing, but to each his own.

Reply: Well, I think there is a ghost or spirit in my house and it made a very scary noise once. Another time I thought it was trying to do something to me and my brother, so I told it to fuck off, and I know I am more powerful than it.

Shannon: I wouldn't necessarily make the assumption that telling it to fuck off is effective in all cases or that you are more powerful than it. True power is the willingness to change. What could you have changed in that situation that would have created a different outcome? If you are willing to just see it without judgments and points of view, the greater potency you will have to make some change. A lot of people like to hide and tell themselves, "I don't want to see this" or "I don't want to deal with this." Then who has the power, you or the thing you are trying not to look at?

You have given the power to them with your unwillingness to receive them.

And remember, do all people go away when you tell them to fuck off, or will some still hang around? It is the same with entities.

Reply: Well, it seems like seeing them and having them in my life would mean something, and it would change my life.

Shannon: Well yes, that's right, it would change your life. Are you aware of what it would change?

Reply: Yes, I would definitely have to look at things differently.

Shannon: Cool, how does it get better than that? Remember it is the significance and oftentimes the lies that we put on these entities that create the difficulties. Entities' communication need not be a big deal nor need it be hard and scary.

There are a lot of beings out there; they could be family members or friends that just want to say hello and perhaps goodbye one last time before they go.

I give an example of this in the story “Visited by an Old Family Friend,” where Mary, an old family friend, came to me after her passing, to say goodbye. If I had resisted her, it would have been harder for her to get through to me.

This is what people do with entities; they resist them because they think they are all bad. In my willingness to receive her even though I was initially afraid, there was a kindness and caring that we both shared.

Question: And is there a target with entities, because I have been taught to clear the entities?

Shannon: Well yes, clearing them can be good, and sometimes communicating with them is more appropriate. For me, it’s just a matter of being aware of what is required in each different situation. Clearing entities can create a huge change and shift of the energy. And as far as a target goes, I can only tell you what my target is with entities.

Reply: Yes, what’s that?

Shannon: To have total awareness—and I am still discovering what that looks like.

Question: I feel like most of the time I am just trying to make them go away.

Shannon: How much do you try and get all of your problems to just go away instead of looking at them? Does that usually work—or do you usually have to look at something to change the problem you are dealing with? What if there are no problems? What if there is nothing to get rid of?

Question: So it is not always about having to clear entities; it’s also about being aware that they are there?

Shannon: Yes.

Question: I remember a class you did about a year ago. There was this lady there who kept trying to clear her relative and the relative was getting really pissed off!

Shannon: Oh yeah, right, I think it was her grandfather or grandmother, and their point of view was, “Why are you trying to make me go away?” That was a really good illustration of what I am talking about. If I recall correctly, the lady who was in the class had been asking for some help with her life and apparently this grandparent had come to assist her in what she had been asking for. The lady did not get it and kept trying to clear the grandparent instead of receiving the gift of the assistance.

Question: So basically we need to become aware of when to clear and when to receive them?

Shannon: Yep, clearing is good and communicating is good, it’s just about having awareness about what’s required.

Question: I have a lot of entities that come into me and when I ask them if they are here to facilitate me, I get all this energy.

Shannon: That is exactly what I am talking about. So let me ask you something. Are you a channel?

No answer.

Shannon: That would be a yes or no question. Class, what do you think?

Class: Yes!

Shannon: So, are you aware of that?

Reply: Yes?

Shannon: So, to some degree you are aware of that, because right now you look totally different than you normally do and there is a presence in your eyes that isn’t you, and you just said that you have entities come into your body. I would suggest exploring what this is for you. I know that can seem very daunting, but you must have all the tools and keys for it to work for you, otherwise you would not have the ability.

I think it is quite important for people like you with abilities like you who are channels to first acknowledge that it is going on and then secondly learn how to use your abilities. There are a lot of people out there who have quite phenomenal abilities with entities and are not aware that that is what is

going on with them, and it can manifest in many "behavioral" disorders like schizophrenia, bipolar, depression, suicidal tendencies, multiple personality disorder, OCD, ADD and even autism. Autism is a whole other topic of its own which I will not go into now, but those with autism are not only highly aware of entities, they also possess quite large psychic skills. What if they are the evolution of the species into a higher form of consciousness? What if they have acute psychic abilities, not so-called mental disorders?

Schizophrenics are dealing with multiple entities. They are not crazy and there is not something wrong with them. In fact, there is something quite spectacular about them. People with Autism are not retarded; they are just so psychically advanced that they can't fit into how slow and dense things are here.

What can these people teach and show the world about another way to function that would be so much more than what we currently have available to us? Isn't it funny how you can have these abilities with entities and not even really realize it? Well, I think it's funny; you probably think it is frustrating and weird.

The more energetic you are willing to become with all this, meaning it doesn't have to make sense and be solid, the easier it will be. Talking to entities can show up in so many different ways. The biggest mistake I find people making is that they assume communicating with entities will be like talking with embodied people. Sometimes it can show up that way, but I would say that is the least common way for it to show up. Mostly it won't be a sense of verbal communication, it will be more like a download. It can be lightning quick; suddenly you will have all the information. It's a lot quicker than we communicate in this reality. That is why most people think they aren't getting it. It's not that you're not getting it, it's that it is really quick.

Reply: That's the thing; I never get any words.

Shannon: Well, is it that you never get any words or that it comes through in a way you are not familiar with?

Reply: Right, how am I going to start understanding what I'm getting?

Shannon: Well, it's a matter of trusting yourself first of all and like I have said, the more you do it, the easier it gets. Also for me, I know that when they are trying to get something across to me, they will make me feel their feelings or they will give me smells or tastes. There are so many different ways for it all to come through; it's just a matter of starting to acknowledge what those things are when they come through. The way it comes through also has to do with the entity that is putting it across. Some of them are good communicators and some of them are not, just like us people.

Question: What happens to entities when they are not hanging around us? Where do they hang out? Where is entity land?

Shannon: Ooooo, that's a big question, which I am not sure I can honestly and wholly answer. The tricky part about perceiving what their world looks like is that it does not have the same kind of time and space reality that we have here. So just think for a moment what our world would be like, look like and feel like if we did not have time as we know it, meaning things did not happen sequentially through time but rather simultaneously, all at once. Then imagine again that the way you relate to space was completely different or that space was not there at all, meaning your relationship to things in space would be different. You would no longer have a measurable distance between you and everything else. There would be no up and down, left and right, there would just be indefinable space. If you can get close to perceiving what that is like, then you would be sort of close to perceiving where they are and what it is like for them.

Reply: Ok, that is kind of mind blowing. (Laughter)

Question: My counselor died last year and I was sad when he died. Is my sadness me trying to block him out?

Shannon: Okay, good question. Let's get right down to it, shall we, 'cause he is here now. Would you like to talk with him?

Reply: Ummm, yes, I think so.

Shannon: Okay, I am going to give you some tools so you can do this here now with me and also on your own. Let's begin by asking him to hold your

hand. I would like you to look at him, and be aware of what he is putting across.

Reply: Right, okay, I am feeling lighter.

Shannon: Would you look at him more, please, and allow him to be here for you now like he was then?

Reply: Yes.

Shannon: The big misconception here is that once someone dies they are gone forever and ever, gone for good, bye-bye, never see you again. This is just simply not true. To be perfectly honest, it means very little that his body died. He is still here, and in this case he is still very capable of being there for you as he was in life; you just have to be able to receive in a different way. He is not bye-bye, gone forever, he is right here with us right now in the room and he is holding your hand. And by the energy you are starting to emit, this would be the first time you have really received from him since his passing. How does that feel to you?

Reply: Amazing, I have never felt anything like it. It feels like I have warm chills rolling all over my body and like everything is getting lighter and lighter.

Shannon: Nice, keep going with that. Now that you have an idea of how to tune in with him, you can play around with making the connection as strong as you wish. Are you clear that he is there now?

Reply: Yes, I think so.

Shannon: You are lucky, he is a clear being. He can get himself across very well. This is not the case with all entities.

Question: I have a friend who killed herself a few years ago and I was happy for her because I felt like she was in a better place, but I knew she hadn't left yet; I could still feel her around. Then about three months later one night in the middle of the night, I woke up all of a sudden and my boyfriend turned around and he spoke, but her voice came out and she called me by a name that only she called me and said "I am going now," and left. Do you think she is gone?

Shannon: Yes.

Question: So can we keep entities stuck here? Like with her friend that killed herself? Can we hold entities from moving on with our emotions and stuff?

Shannon: Yes, and that is exactly what occurred for her friend. Because it was a suicide and everyone took a point of view, "Oh, that's terrible!" When someone's passing is very dramatized, it can keep the being stuck and unclear about their choices.

Question: What about animals?

Shannon: Yes, when you make a pet significant, they will hang around because they hear your request and they want to honor that. If you want them to come back as your pet or you perceive that they want to come back and be your pet, then ask them to do so. They most likely will if they liked you.

Some of you will start to notice things differently. If you truly desire to enhance your abilities to perceive entities, you can do this exercise. When you're in bed tonight, just relax. Consciously push down your barriers 'cause whether people are aware of it or not, they tend to put up barriers to entities. Consciously push down your barriers and start to perceive what's out there. Start to ask questions like "Are there any entities here that would like to speak with me?" Asking questions will allow you to have the awarenesses.

If it doesn't work for you tonight, try again tomorrow. Choose a time when it's quiet and you can sit down and tune in.

(To Class participant): You did that and what happened?

Class participant: First let me say that I used to have the attitude that all entities were scary and they were against me. When I did what Shannon said, it was quite amazing! I got their names, and I got that they were there to support me and they have been supporting me all my life. It totally changed my outlook on things. I'm not afraid of entities; in fact I am now more willing to receive the ones that are there to support me, it's amazing. Thank you Shannon.

Question: I do entity clearing, and I have a hard time perceiving if they go or not.

Shannon: If you are saying the words, it is happening. It took me quite some time to really develop sensitivity to it. So if you keep with it, it will develop for you, too.

What I started to notice with the entity clearings is that I would be in a room and I would say, "Maybe there is something here, let's try it and see how it works." I would do the clearing and then I would notice myself taking a deep breath. That was an indication that something just happened. Just start to ask, "So what am I getting here?" Notice the subtle energies.

Question: I just bought a farm and sometimes it feels heavy and I wonder why I bought it. Do I need to clear entities around that property?

Shannon: Yes, clear them definitely. You can ask the ones that are going to facilitate you with the property to stay and all the rest need to go. Be thorough and use your tools.

Question: (Little kid) I am afraid of the dark in my house.

Shannon: Are you afraid of all of the rooms in your house or just some of them?

Little kid: The hallway going into this one room, mostly. If I go in to my brother's room, I switch on the light and look behind the door and in all of the cupboards.

Shannon: There are two parts to that. Number one, yes, you are perceiving entities and energies. The thing is, sometimes you will still be scared. Sometimes I am still scared, but I have learned to not let it rule my life. Sometimes the entities that you are scared of need your help, so would you be willing to help them?

Little Kid: Okay.

Shannon: If you can start to ask what energies are there that are playful and nice, ask for playmates. Wouldn't it be great if you could have fun with it rather than being scared? So would you be willing to be the leader of a greater awareness around the entities in your family?

Little kid: Ummm…yes.

Shannon: So it is about opening up the doorways to these energies. We are just beginning, and those of us who choose to have this will be the beginning of the changing of consciousness on earth.

Science tells us that everything in the universe is made of energy and everything is made of vibrating molecules—your thoughts, feelings, emotions and your body.

Start to perceive the molecules that everything is made of and then start to perceive the space between the molecules.

You are the space between the molecules, and if you are willing to be the space between the molecules, then you will realize that everything is within you. You are not the effect of things; you affect things. Everything can change based on your willingness to be you and change the world.

Then the consciousness of the universe will make itself more available to you. Your greatest empowerment is your consciousness. The more conscious you become, the more it will empower, awaken, enlighten and create a greater possibility in everything and everyone. The only thing that is creating anti-consciousness here on the planet is the choices that people are making.

Okay, so now that we are coming to the end of class, will you guys gift all the energy that is required to all of the entities that are here for your facilitation? Thank you.

Cool, and now disconnect from them all and thank them and tell them they can go.

Thank you all so much for participating tonight and thank you for being willing to have another possibility with things.

Class: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Information

For more information about Shannon O'Hara and Access Consciousness please visit one of the following pages:

TalkToTheEntities.com

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www.AccessConsciousness.com

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